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IS THE HOPE OF
THE RACE!
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VEGETABLE COMPOUND,
A SPECIFIC FOR FEMALE WEAKNESS, Leucorrhœa, Irregularities, Painful Menstruation, Ovarian Tumors, Ulceration of Womb, Flooding, PROLAPSUS UTERI, &c.
It dissolves and expels tumors in an early stage, checks any tendency to cancerous humors, helps in pregnancy, and relieves pain and weakness of kidneys, as it does in both sexes. It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.
FOR THE CURE OF KIDNEY COMPLAINTS of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed. For the relief and cure of all Spinal Weaknesses, Sciatica, Pains in the Back, Hips and Limbs, Dizziness, Nervous Prostration, Sleeplessness, Depression, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Headache, Nervousness, Debility, it is unequaled.
LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S BLOOD PURIFIER will eradicate every vestige of Humors from the blood, at whatever age or period, and will give tone and strength to the system. Both the Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either, $1. Six bottles for $5. The Compound is sent by mail in the form of pills, or of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Enclose 3 cent stamp. Mention this Paper.
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TERRIBLE, BILIOUS
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Whoever it, almost every one, no matter what needs a thorough course of Kidney-Wort to cleanse the system of the accumulations of the inclement winter months. Kidney-Wort is a perfect and efficient cathartic, and at the same time acts on the Liver, Bowels and Kidneys and enables them to perform their functions, Stomach, Liver, Bowels and Kidneys, promptly yield at once to its curative influence.
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TRY IT AT ONCE."
Kidney-Wort says it is the best of all remedies for the following good reasons:
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Kidney-Wort Vegetable Compound!
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KIDNEY-WORT DISORDER.
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KIDNEY-WORT CURES OF BLADDER.
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Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, the Markets and General Information.

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JOB PRINTING
THE PRESS JOB DEPARTMENT
Is supplied with all necessary material, and is fully prepared to do work with
NEATNESS, DISPATCH,
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VERY LOWEST PRICES
Be sure to give us a trial before contracting with anyone else.

THAT AWFUL COWBOY

He wore but one suspender,
And with neither coat nor vest;
He was on a high old bender
In a peaceful town out West;
His muddy homespun trousers
Were in his boot-legs stuck,
And his yells at times, old rousers,
He said were "just for luck."

He had a big horse-pistol,
And he stated he could smash
A small-sized watch's crystal
At a hundred yards, for cash.
He wore no tie or collar,
And his shirt, not over fine,
Cost just one-half a dollar
In the days of "Auld Lang Syne."

He scorned the town officials,
Unmindful of their stars,
And carved uncouth initials
On the village liquor bars.
He seemed to have no money,
And whene'er he took a drink
He called the landlord "sonny,"
And paid him with a wink.

With noisy song and whistle
He on a horseblock sat,
And fired his old horse-pistol
At the mayor's bee-gum hat.
He paled the ladies' faces
With his loud, sardonic laugh,
And made uncouth grimaces
At the constable and staff.

But a fellow met this cowboy
And caught him by the ear,
And said, quite coolly, "Now, boy,
'Tis time you get from here!"
Then he shook up his digestion
In a way that raised a laugh,
And proved beyond a question
That the cowboy was a calf.

A PRESENTIMENT.

If there was anything "in the heavens above, in the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth," that Mrs. William Perkins was afraid of, it was a burglar! When a mere child, her father's house had been broken into and robbed, and the remembrance of the excitement of that time was too strong to be ever effaced. And ever since she had had a house of her own, she had been expecting a similar occurrence. Not a night passed that she didn't look in the closet or under the bed, and her husband jokingly declared that she even examined the soap-dish and match-safe in the expectation of beholding a fierce robber concealed therein!

She was indeed a timid little body, starting nervously at the slightest sound, always on the lookout for "signs," and now and then, when "blue" and depressed, declaring that "she had a presentiment."

"I believe something is going to happen to-night, William," she said, late one summer evening, as she sat on the edge of the bed and unbuttoned her shoe. "I have had such a heavy, weighed-down feeling all the afternoon."

"You coop yourself up too much, my dear. A run over the hills or a call at a neighbor's would tone you up wonderfully.

His wife looked injured.

"I thought you didn't approve of women gadding about," she said, with a pout.

"Not gadding, my dear, of course not. I only meant taking necessary exercise. But," anxious to avoid a storm, "what makes you blue to-night?"

"I don't know, I'm sure, unless it's thinking about burglars. Did you know that the Millers, who live up on the creek road, had their house entered last week? The thieves got a watch, a pair of earrings and quite a sum of money. I truly believe they'll pay us a visit before long," and Mrs. Perkins shuddered as she tied her nightcap strings.

"Well, let them come!" said her husband, coolly, as he laid his tired head on the pillow. "They've been coming ever since we've been married and kept house, and that's—let me see—nine years in June. Takes 'em a long while—hey, Betty?"

"You needn't laugh. It's no joking matter. And I tell you what," impressively, "I know that something is going to happen—I feel it in my bones."

About 12 o'clock that night Mr. Perkins was awakened by two cold hands clasping his neck, while his wife, with chattering teeth, whispered:

"William!—William! Wake up! Somebody is stealing your Plymouth Rocks!"

This was enough to fully arouse him, for he was something of a poultry fancier, and the Plymouth Rock fowls, being at that time a very rare breed, had been purchased by him at an extravagant price.

He sprang out of bed, seized his revolver, and hurried downstairs and out at the back door. It was a warm summer night, and he experienced no discomfort in his light and airy attire.

Just as he approached the hennery the thief ran from it. No human burglar, indeed, but instead a small black and white animal, a weasel or a cat—which, Mr. Perkins could not tell. But the animal, whatever it was, had one of his young Plymouth Rock chickens in its mouth.

"The pesky thing," muttered Mr. Perkins. "I wonder if I can catch it." And away he started in pursuit.

Down the garden walk went the thief—out under the front gate and across the road. Regardless of the stones and mud, and of his own scant attire, Mr. Perkins followed. There was a rush—then a scramble, a sprawl—a spiteful scratching and spitting—and the next instant Mr. Perkins had the struggling, furry body in his grasp.

Fortunately, the culprit proved to be only a cat. Its victim was limp and lifeless.

Angry and disappointed, Mr. Perkins bestowed a parting kick on the murderous feline, and then, holding the poor little Plymouth Rock in his hand, he turned to retrace his steps to the house.

But just at this instant, around a curve in the road, not more than a dozen rods away, was heard the sound of horse's hoofs and carriage wheels.

The moon threw a broad, white light upon the road, and Mr. Perkins knew that he could not recross without being seen by the occupants of the approaching vehicle. Accordingly, he darted behind a clump of elder bushes, and, crouching down, waited in breathless anxiety.

"Jerusalem!" he muttered to himself. "This a pretty pickle for a deacon of the church to be in!"

Nearer and nearer came the carriage, the horse jogging along at a funereal rate—evidently the driver was in no hurry.

There were two persons in the carriage. The moonlight fell full on their faces, and Mr. Perkins, peering through the bushes, recognized Henry Martin, a likely young farmer of the vicinity, and Dora Sanders, his sweetheart. It may be well to state just here that the two were returning from a party at which, for a wonder, fair Dora had been so unusually gracious that young Martin, hitherto a very timid lover, had courageously made up his mind to go through the trying ordeal of "popping the question" on their homeward journey. Indeed, by the time they had reached the Perkins' domain, he had actually gotten so far as to say in stammering tone:

"And now, Dora, you know, just as well as I do, that I would do anything for you. Because—because—you know I lo—"

"Oh, oh, oh!" screamed Dora, for just at this instant, the horse, being endowed with the short-sightedness of animals in general, had suddenly seen something white in the bushes—in fact, nothing less than a gleam of Mr. Perkins' flowing drapery—and, much frightened, shied to the other side of the road.

Coaxing, commands and even the whip availed nothing. Balky and determined, he would not pass the unknown object.

"Blast the creature! What ails him? He's never acted so before," Martin exclaimed.

"Don't whip him again! He's frightened. He sees something in the bushes. I know he does—I see it myself—it's something white."

"A garment blown from a clothesline. Or, maybe it's a newspaper. I'll go and see."

"No! Don't leave the horse! He's too nervous. Just see how he trembles. You hold him by the bridle and I'll go and see what it is," and with a nimble bound, Dora sprang from the carriage and walked toward the bushes.

Now Mr. Perkins was not a nervous man, but his predicament at this particular minute was not very pleasant. The thought of his scant attire filled him with consternation. And there she—a fine, modest young lady!—was every moment drawing nearer and nearer. A mortifying discovery was inevitable! The only alternative was to take refuge in flight.

The next instant young Martin and Miss Dora were startled at seeing a tall, white figure spring from behind the clump of bushes, dart across the road, and, half-lost among the shadows, creep along the side of the fence.

The horse, rendered frantic by this sudden apparition, gave a violent plunge, and, breaking loose from his master's hold, rushed madly down the road.

"Oh, Henry! What is it? A ghost—I'm sure it is! You know that a peddler was found murdered just about here years ago. And I've heard the place is haunted! Oh, it's a ghost!—it's a ghost!"

"Nonsense! Ten chances to one it's a burglar up to some deviltry. I'm going to shoot at him—that's what I am!"

For, knowing that he would have to ride five miles over a lonely road, and having his mind somewhat exercised by the reports of there being burglars about, Harry Martin had that evening taken the precaution to bring a revolver with him. Drawing this out now, he cried, excitedly:

"Speak, or I'll shoot!"

Unfortunately, Mr. Perkins was a little bit deaf, and, in his trepidation, did not hear what was said. His only desire was to get within the shelter of his own house. For several yards along the fence there grew a row of brier-roses, and here he floundered, the sharp thorns clinging to his garment and lacerating his flesh, as he vainly strove to find some opening through which he might climb over.

Just as he put one foot on the lower rail in the act of leaping over, he heard the report of the pistol and felt a shot stinging in the fleshy part of his leg. Groaning with pain, he sank upon the grass.

"Good heavens, Dora! It's Mr. Perkins himself!" young Martin exclaimed, overcome with horror and dismay.

The confusion of the next hour may be easily imagined. Dora rushed up to the house. She was met at the door by Mrs. Perkins, whose alarm at the long absence of her husband had been increased by the report of the pistol. Fortunately, the little woman acted like many other nervous persons, who, weak at imaginary dangers, are strong in time of real trouble; and, repressing her emotion, she calmly assisted Mr. Martin and Dora in bringing in the helpless body of her husband.

But an hour later, when Mr. Perkins lay comfortably in bed, rejoicing in the assurance that the wound was trifling, his wife could not help saying as she sank into an easy-chair beside him:

"I knew that something would happen to-night! What do you think of my presentiment now, Mr. Perkins?"

The Grave of the Vivandiere.

In soldiers' section B, row 27, near the big pine in the southwestern part of the Soldiers' cemetery, a plain granite monument stands, inscribed: "Catherine Hodges, Company K, Fifth Louisiana, 1863." The grave is never overlooked. Every Memorial day flowers are to be found upon it. The deceased is well remembered by many of our citizens. She came to Virginia as the vivandiere of her company. It was her intention to nurse the sick and care for the wounded. Her life was devoted to the Confederate cause. In some of the holiday parades that marked the presence of Southern soldiers here in the early days of the war, with gay red cap and zouave-like dress, she marched at the head of the command to which she was attached. Her mission was to nurse others, but she herself soon required nursing. She fell sick and died and was buried with the soldiers—one poor, lone woman among 12,000 men. —*Richmond (Va.) Dispatch.*

SELECT SIFTINGS.

South Carolina has a blind man who is a carver in wood.

Indian cotton cloth is mentioned by Herodotus, was known to the Arabians in the time of Mohammed, and was brought into Europe by his followers.

One of the English governors of New York, Lord Cornbury, used to amuse himself by dressing like a woman and promenading around the Battery.

A gigantic floating fish cannery, which was built at Victoria, B. C., has went to sea. It will follow the runs of fish from river to river, and all the work will be done on board.

A noted caterer says: If green peas are shelled and then are put in dry open-mouthed bottles, and are shaken together so as to occupy as little space as possible, then are corked tightly and are sealed, they will keep three or four months. They must, however, be buried in dry earth in the cellar.

Saxony has some very curious laws concerning servant girls. For instance, the mistress is required to allow the servant one pound of butter and one pound of coffee per month, or the equivalent in money. If the servant furnish her own bedding, she receives one and one-half cents extra per night for so doing. Seventy-five cents per month is allowed the servant for her washing, and she receives five per cent. on all purchases she makes. She must give a month's notice before leaving her place, and must keep a book for recommendations, in which, upon leaving her place, her mistress is compelled to state the cause of the servant's leaving and also what is her character.

Russia, in the time of Peter the Great, had several large iron manufactories; some of these he visited with great assiduity, and learned the business of a blacksmith. He succeeded so well in that trade that in one day he forged alone eighteen poods of iron, equal to 720 pounds weight, and put his own peculiar mark on each bar. This was performed at the forges in Istia, ninety versts from Moscow. One of these bars, authenticated by Peter's mark, is still shown in the same forge at Istia. Another, forged also with the czar's own hands, is shown in the Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg; but this last was forged at Olonetz, on October 12, just before his death, which happened in 1725. This bar weighs 120 pounds. Peter, on the receipt of one of his day's wages, went directly to a shop and purchased a pair of shoes, which he took great pleasure in showing on his feet, saying to those who were present: "I have earned them well, by the sweat of my brow, with hammer and anvil." The czar once passed a month at Istia, and when he worked at the forges the noblemen of his suit were obliged to blow the bellows, to stir and clean the fire, to carry coals and perform all the offices of a blacksmith's helper.

A Cremation at the Court of Siam.

The remains of her eminence, the foreign minister's mother, were yesterday burned at the temple with imposing ceremonies. The procession was a long one. The priest was borne on in advance of the young children and the casket, and these went round the temporary building erected for the cremation three times, after which the remains were placed in position on the stand in the center of the cremation building. The floral decorations were very beautiful; and, instead of natural flowers, which need changing every day, they were artistic imitations, which will remain a long time as a memento of the occasion. On the north side of the temple was a hall for the Cochin Chinese priests, where natives could obtain refreshments gratuitously. On the southwest corner was a well-furnished hall, replete with refreshments for the distinguished personages who would visit or take part in the ceremonies.

After the casket containing the corpse had been borne around the temple thrice, it was placed in position in the center of the building where two large halls meet each other at right angles. The elegant urn and its surroundings were visible to the countless persons who day and night visited the temple.

The concluding ceremonies, when his majesty the king ignited the fuse communicating with the remains, were attended by a very great company. The European community generally were present, and were provided with flowers made of the fragrant cedar to give to the flames which were to reduce to ashes the remains of his eminence's mother. At the close of the cremation the minister presented his foreign friends with beautiful gold and silver flowers as mementos, invited them to dine, and after dinner closed the evening with fireworks.—*Siam Advertiser.*

Dress Coats for Minstrels.

A merchant tailor of Liberty street, Pittsburg, relates a quaint anecdote about the fashions of two score years ago. When he first went into business he succeeded his father. It was thirty years or more ago, and among the stock were 300 fine, black swallow-tail coats, just then going out of fashion. They were invoiced at a nominal figure.

About ten years after, a theatrical agent dropped in the store one day and asked the cost of making twenty dress coats for a minstrel organization. The merchant bethought him of the 300 stored away, and in a twinkling disposed of two score. The news spread among the theatrical people, and within the next two years fully 100 more were disposed of. Twenty years have passed, and of the original 300 coats, deemed almost worthless, but ten remain, and the merchant has reaped quite a harvest. Nearly every minstrel organization visiting Pittsburg has replaced its stage wardrobe from the stock of coats designed to grace the society gentlemen of thirty years ago.

South Bernera, where stands the famous lighthouse of the Hebrides, is visited twice a year only by the supply ship, and once a year by a clergyman. The lighthouse stands 700 feet above the sea on a crag. It is very difficult for even a lifeboat to land. There are about twenty people on the island, mainly substituting on fish, wild fowl and eggs.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The report comes from Europe that the gladiolus is fast "running out." The bulbs are losing their vitality and the stalks produce fewer blossoms, which are of smaller size.

One of the latest foreign inventions is that of the manufacture of bottles, etc., from cast iron, containing some twelve per cent. of silicum, a compound which is said to resist the action of the strongest acids.

The Jersey cow Ella Lee, owned by Horatio R. Curran, of Whitestown, N. Y., is attracting much attention. Seventeen pounds of her milk produces a pound of butter, which is so yellow that many who see it think it is artificially colored.

A paper was recently read before the Society of Engineers, at Leeds, on "Deep-Sea Lighthouses," by Mr. C. Anderson. These he proposes chiefly as meteorological stations to be anchored out at sea, so that thirty-six hours' notice of approaching storms could be given to vessels instead of twelve. They would also be used as postal and telegraph stations.

A highly interesting invention has been patented by Engineer Alexis Kohl, of Copenhagen, consisting of an apparatus for cipher writing, especially adapted for diplomatic and military purposes. This apparatus, similar to Malling's writing globe, contains forty-one signs, with a corresponding number of tangents or keys, which the person using it strikes, thereby causing the letters or signs to appear on the periphery. The apparatus can be so arranged that two correspondents, agreeing upon a given key-word, may communicate with each other in a text absolutely undecipherable to persons unitiated. The inventor has given the name of cryptograph to his apparatus, the succession of letters in which is entirely arbitrary and may be varied ad libitum. Two apparatuses, exactly alike, and once arranged according to agreement, will enable the respective possessors to cipher and decipher readily and with very little loss of time.

Of Interest to Gum Chewers.

"How many really different kinds of gum have you?"

"There are only three or four different bases from which gum is made. Tolu, spruce and paraffine are the principal ones."

"Which of them is the most popular?"

"Tolu in the West and spruce in the East. Paraffine is a very cheap gum, and is used as a giveaway a great deal."

"What about the materials of which the different kinds are made?"

"Well, tolu is the gum of the balsam tree of South America, and paraffine is a product of petroleum. It is made in immense quantities at the oil refineries in Pennsylvania and the East. Spruce gum is from the spruce tree, and until recently it was made almost exclusively at Portland, Me."

"What other kinds of gum have you?"

"The rubber or snapping gum, which is the product of a tree in Mexico. The bases of some of these different kinds are sometimes mixed, making other varieties. In the manufacture of all these varieties, sugar and some other ingredients are used."

"Is there much gum sold?"

"Tons of it. There are twenty-five or thirty factories in the United States in the exclusive manufacture, and it is quite probable that their sales do not fall short of two millions per annum, perhaps more. We sell from five to ten thousand boxes a month.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

The Petroleum Fields of the World.

The relative importance of the oil fields of the world are succinctly stated as follows in the *Century* by E. V. Smalley, in his graphic and fully illustrated article on "Striking Oil:" Nearly all the petroleum that goes into the world's commerce is produced in a district of country about 150 miles long, with a varying breadth of from one to twenty miles, lying mainly in the State of Pennsylvania, but lapping over a little on its northern edge into the State of New York. This region yielded, in 1881, 26,950,816 barrels, and in 1882, 31,398,750 barrels. A little petroleum is obtained in West Virginia, a little at various isolated points in Ohio, and a little in the Canadian province of Ontario. There is also a small field in Germany, a larger one, scantily developed, in Southern Russia, and one still larger, perhaps, in India. The total production of all the fields, outside of the region here described, is but a small fraction in the general account, however, and has scarcely an appreciable influence upon the market. Furthermore, the oil of these minor fields, whether in America or the Old World, is of an inferior quality, and so long as the great Pennsylvania reservoir holds out, can only supply a local demand in the vicinity of the wells.

A Good Grocery Clerk.

As to what constitutes a good salesman in the grocery business, a leading New York wholesale dealer in groceries is quoted by a correspondent as saying: "Firstly, he should be a better judge of quality than are his customers, and he should use his knowledge honestly. He should always recommend goods that he knows to be of full value, and yet not overpraise them. Above all, if he is in the wholesale trade, he should not urge upon his customers more than a convenient stock. Drummers on the road are apt to make that mistake, and thereby tempt the retailer to buy more than he will be able to pay for. A clerk in a retail store has an advantage if he possesses some knowledge of cookery, so that he can tell how articles may be best prepared for the table. Hints of this kind are valuable even to experienced housekeepers, especially as to new goods. Such a man acquires influence. But he mustn't be impertinent or obtrusive with his advice. Polite attention is the one thing needful in a salesman, and young men shouldn't forget it if they mean to succeed behind the counter."

New Hampshire manufactories turn out an annual product of $73,000,000.

THE BAD BOY IN MOURNING.

HE TELLS ABOUT A FUNERAL AT HIS HOUSE.

An Interesting Sketch of the Dear Departed's Family Affairs—The Grocery Man Obtains a View of the Deceased.

"Why don't you take an ice pick and clean the dirt out from under your finger nails," said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he came in the store and stroked the cat the wrong way as she lay in the sun on the counter, on a quire of manila paper.

"Can't remove the dirt for thirty days. It is an emblem of mourning. Had a funeral at our house yesterday," and the boy took a pickle out of a tub and put it in the cat's mouth, and then went to the show case, while the grocery man, whose back had been turned during the pickle exercise, thought by the way the cat jumped into the dried apple barrel and began to paw and scratch with all four of her feet, and yowl, that she was going to have a fit.

"I hadn't heard about it," said the grocery man, as he took the cat by the neck and tossed her out in the back shed into an old oyster box full of sawdust with a parting injunction that if she was going to have fits she better go out where there was plenty of fresh air. "Death is always a sad thing to contemplate. One day we are full of health and joy and cold victuals, and the next we are screwed down in a box, a few words are said over our remains, a few tears are shed, and there is a race to see who shall get back from the cemetery first, and though we may think we are an important factor in the world's progress, and sometimes feel as though it would be unable to put up margins and have to stop the deal, the world goes right along, and it must annoy people who die to realize that they don't count for game. The greatest man in the world is only a nine-spot when he is dead, because somebody else takes the tricks the dead man ought to have taken. But, say, who is dead at your house?"

"Our rooster. Take care, don't you hit me with that canvased ham," said the boy, as the grocery man looked mad to learn that there was nobody dead but a rooster, when he had preached such a sermon on the subject. "Yes, how soon we are forgotten when we are gone. Now, you would have thought that rooster's hen would have remained faithful to him for a week at least. I have watched them all this spring, and I never saw a more perfect picture of devotion than that between the bantam rooster and his hen. They were constantly together, and there was nothing too good for her. He would dig up angle worms and call her, and when she came up on a gallop and saw the great big worm on the ground, she would look so proud of her rooster, and he would straighten up and look as though he was saying to her, 'I'm a daisy,' and then she would look at him as if she would like to kiss him; and just as she was going to pick up the worm he would snatch it and swallow it himself, and chuckle and walk around and be full of business, as though wondering why she didn't take the worm after he had dug it for her, and then the hen would look disappointed at first, and then she would look resigned as much as to say, 'Worms are too rich for my blood anyway, and the poor, dear rooster needs them more than I do, because he has to do all the crowing,' and she would go off and find a grasshopper and eat it on the sly for fear he would see her and complain because she didn't divide. Oh, I have never seen anything that seemed to me so human as the relations between that rooster and hen. He seemed to try to do everything for her. But I was disgusted with him when the poor hen was setting. The first week that she sat on the eggs he seemed to get along first rate, because he had a couple of flower beds to dig up, which a press of business had caused him to neglect before, and a couple of neighbor's gardens to destroy, so he seemed to be glad to have his hen retire to her boudoir and set, but after he had been shooed out of the gardens and flower beds he seemed to be nervous, and evidently wanted to be petted, and he would go near the hen and she would seem to tell him to go and take a walk around the block, because she hadn't time to leave her business, and if she didn't attend to it they would have a lot of spoiled eggs on their hand, and no family to bring up. He would scold, and seem to tell her that it was all foolishness, that for his part he didn't want to hear a lot of chickens squawking around. He would seem to argue with her that a brood of chickens would be a dead give-away on them both, and they would at once be classed as old folks, while if they were alone in the world they would be spring chickens, and could go in young society, but the hen would scold back, and tell him he ought to be ashamed of himself to talk that way, and he would go off mad, and sulk around a spell, and then go to a neighbor's hen-house and sometimes he wouldn't come back till the next day. The hen would be sorry she had spoken so cross, and would seem pained at his going away and would look anxiously for his return, and when he came back after being out in the rain all night, she would be solicitous after his health, and tell him he ought to wrap something around him, but he acted as though he didn't care for his health, and he would go out again and get chilled through. Finally the hen come off the nest with ten chickens, and the rooster seemed very proud, and when anybody came out to look at them he would crow, and seem to say they were all his chickens, though the hen was a long time hatching them, and if it had been him that was setting on them he could have hatched them out in a week, or died a trying. But the exposure told on him, and he went into a decline, and one morning we found him dead. Do you know, I never see a hen that seemed to realize a calamity as she did. She looked pale, and her eyes looked red, and she seemed to be utterly crushed. If the chickens, which were so young they could not realize that they were little orphans, became noisy and got to pulling and hauling over a worm, and conducted themselves in an unseemly manner, she would talk to them in hen language, with tears in her eyes, and it was a picture of woe. But the next day a neighboring rooster got to looking through the fence from the alley, and trying to flirt with her. At first she was indignant, and seemed to tell him he ought to go about his business, and leave her alone, but the dude kept edged up toward the fence, and asked him to come in, but the hole in the fence was too small for him, and then the chickens went out in the alley and the hen followed them out. I shall always think she told the chickens to go out, so she would have an excuse to go after them, and flirt with the rooster, and I think it is a perfect shame. She is out in the alley half the time, and I could cuff her. It seems to me wrong to so soon forget a deceased rooster, but I suppose a hen can't be any more than human. Say, you don't want to buy a good dead rooster, do you? You could pick it and sell it to somebody that owes you, for a spring chicken."

"No, I don't want any deceased poultry, that died of grief, and you better go home and watch your hen, or you will be bereaved some more," and the grocery man went out in the shed to see if the cat was over its fit, and when he came back the boy was gone, and after a while the grocery man saw a crowd in front of the store, and he went out and found the dead rooster lying on the vegetable stand, with a paper pinned on its breast, on which was a sign, "This ruster did of colix. For sale cheep to bording house only." He took the dead rooster and threw it in the street, and looked up and down the street for the bad boy, and went in and hid a raw hide where he could reach it handy.—*Peck's Sun.*

The Champion Wrestler.

Probably the meanest trick ever played upon a guild ss stranger was consummated at Muldoon's training quarters, Stagg's Lake Mercel resort, the other day.

While a party of visitors to the wrestler were sitting on the porch, a hack drove up containing ex-Governor Perkins, Bishop Kip, and two just arrived English tourists of distinction, one of whom was a dude of the most pronounced and unmistakable type.

As soon as this rara avis descended from his carriage for refreshments, Senator McCarthy at once concocted a fell scheme, into which he initiated the other bold bad men at his side. He immediately sought Muldoon in his room, and told him that a noted English wrestler had just arrived on the Australian steamer, and that the boys had put up a job to the effect that the new man was to be introduced to the champion as a simple traveler; that he was to wait his opportunity, seize Muldoon when off his guard, and down him "just for a flyer."

"So that is the scheme, eh?" said Muldoon, grimly. "Well, I'll see if I can't give our Australian friend a little surprise party."

McCarthy then minutely described the formidable stranger, who, he said, could be particularly distinguished by an eyeglass and a white rose in his buttonhole.

A few minutes afterward the new arrivals were introduced to the wrestler, and were chatting pleasantly together, the conspirators being much amused by the sidelong glances with which the champion kept measuring every movement of the unsuspecting object of their plot.

Bishop Kip was just finishing a disquisition upon the general merits of muscular Christianity, when, with one of those panther-like springs that so disconcerted Donald Dinnie, Muldoon seized the dude, who stood placidly sucking the knob of his cane, and with a powerful twist flung him clear over his shoulder through the air, the astonished Englishman alighting on the back of his neck, in a rosebush, a dozen feet off.

"Put up a job on me, will you?" said Muldoon, with a chuckle.

The uproar that followed was past description. The dude screamed for the police. Governor Perkins rushed out to telegraph for the militia, while the venerable bishop hastily mounted a chicken coop, under the impression that he was the victim of a Phœnix park plot for his personal assassination.

It was at least ten minutes before the matter was explained by the mysterious disappearance of the senator and his friends, who had incontinently left for the city early in the difficulty. The matter was finally compromised, and the victim sent home in a hack with a liberal supply of arnica, but still expressing his determination to write to the British minister at Washington regarding the outrage. We will be in big luck if an international imbroglio or something else expensive does not come of the matter yet. Meanwhile, McCarthy is hiding somewhere in the foothills until Muldoon signs an agreement not to knock him out in one round.—*San Francisco Post.*

Measuring Kisses.

At a Chicago railroad station, on the arrival of a train, thirteen kisses were measured as to duration from the instant of contact to that of culmination. Two of these were so instantaneous that the observers noted them at a hundredth part of a second, and four more were rather guessed than actually timed at a fiftieth. All these were between women. The next group of five kisses were recorded at a twentieth. The couples were divided as to sex, but were made up of persons whose ties were presumably those of consanguinity. Then came a full half-minute kiss—that of a little girl and a man, who was doubtless her father. The longest of the thirteen was over a minute, according to the timekeeper, but the record was questioned, on the ground that there was a succession of kisses instead of a continuous conjunction of the lips. This couple was composed either of young married folks or of sweethearts, who felt sure that they were among total strangers There was no hurry or reserve about their greeting.

A Hartford boy can imitate the sound of a dog-fight perfectly, and twice the police have had to rescue him from disappointed crowds.—*Boston Post.*

Canada complains that the best class of her foreign emigrants cross over to the United States as soon as they can get away.

FASHION NOTES.

Cashmeres in all shades are good.

Panel-shaped trimming is particularly admired.

Flounces of dresses are edged with chenille drops.

Embossed satins are reappearing for summer costumes.

Irish and French poplins are again worn over velvet skirts.

Green hair is the rage among fashionable women in Paris.

The newest stockings are made of bright yellow silk embroidered all over in tiny black mice.

Some of the very newest lawn-tennis costumes are made of checked material instead of stripes.

After all, white or cream-tinted flannel serge makes the prettiest and most suitable seaside suit.

Brocaded gauzes looped with natural pink water-lilies will be worn as ball dresses at the summer resorts.

New breakfast caps are made on Fanchon frames, with real Valenciennes lace and loops of ribbon.

Deep shoulder capes with several rows of shirrings or three large plaits down the shoulders are very stylish.

Bonnets with peaked brims usually have a bow or bunch of flowers placed within the brim directly over the forehead.

The new Suede gloves, with elastic wrists, take the names of gants Tannes, the Bourse, and the Coppelia glove.

Capes and mantalets of lace, chenille and bead nettings are worn on dressy occasions, even when the weather is very hot.

Lace-making promises to be one of the fashionable pastimes during the summer, not the Macreme lace, but Irish point and Venice point.

Slippers made of marabout feathers and lined with pink and blue satin are coming into fashion. The heels are very high and are plated with silver.

Transparent bonnets for midsummer wear are made of gauze and trimmed with aigrettes or flowers. The inside of the brim is finished with plaitings of soft lace.

The handsomest silk jerseys come with turned cuffs, rolling collar, postillion plaits in the back and curved pockets at the side. These jackets have darts in front, fit nicely and are much cooler than any lined waist.

Riding habits are many of them so fitted as to closely follow the outline of the figure when the lady is in the saddle. To gain the desired cut, the body to be fitted is seated on a stuffed horse while the measure is taken.

An attractive arrangement for decorating the waist of a dress is of lace and ribbon. The plaiting is of lace, which is sewn down on one side of a narrow band reaching from throat to bust, with a succession of loops of satin ribbon or rows of velvet down the other, forming a heading.

HEALTH HINTS.

Turpentine applied to a cut is a preventive of lockjaw.

A writer in one of the medical journals says he has found the application of a strong solution of chromic acid, three or four times a day, by means of a camel's-hair pencil, to be the best and easiest method for removing warts.

To quiet the burning of ivy-poisoned hands, wet them with hot lime-water. This will be efficacious sometimes when nothing else does any good.

Professor See, of the Hotel Dieu, Paris, says that the new extract of lily-of-the-valley is one of the most important remedies in heart disease known. It is a powerful poison.

A German doctor recommends bread made with sea water as a wonderful remedy against scrofula and disorders resulting from insufficient nourishment. Sea water ought to stand twelve hours before being used for making dough, in order to free it from impurities. Bread made with it has no unpleasant taste.

When to Bathe.

The London *Lancet* gives some timely hints about beginning out-of-door bathing. If the weather be chilly, it says, or there be a cold wind so that the body may be rapidly cooled at the surface while undressing, it is not safe to bathe. Under such conditions the further chill of immersion in c

The People's Press.

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Salem, N. C., Jan. 30, 1883.

—We publish this week, the address of Hon. I. D. G. Nelson, delivered before the Annual Agricultural Convention of Allen County, Indiana, on Grasses. Every farmer should file this number for future reference. It is long, but full of valuable information on a much neglected industry on the farm.

GRASSES.

BY HON. I. D. G. NELSON, OF ALLEN CO., IND.

Delivered before the Annual Agricultural Convention, January, 1883.

The magnitude, importance and commercial value of the grass crop of the country to its inhabitants is so far underestimated that the most fabulous figures could not represent it. Leaving out details, it may be truthfully said that grass furnishes directly and indirectly the life-sustaining food of the world, for without its renovating effects upon the soil it would soon be a barren waste, as neither grain nor vegetables could be produced any considerable length of time without it. Clover and grasses, of themselves, enrich the soil and cause it to produce abundantly, while all grain and vegetables impoverish it. There is nothing that we eat or wear that is not dependent upon the successful growth of the grasses; and no country or community is a prosperous one that doesn't produce it abundantly.

But I must pass this branch of the subject, full as it is of thoughtful interest—sufficient to deserve a separate paper—to consider on this occasion "the best, most useful and profitable grasses for different purposes, the quantity of seed sown to the acre to produce the best results, and the proper methods of converting the same into well-cured hay." These queries are sufficiently suggestive for half a dozen more papers. I only propose, however, to simply submit a very few practical thoughts upon the above text, viewed from my own personal standpoint—the result of more than forty years practical experience as a farmer in Allen county, Indiana. And, before commencing, I wish further to remark that what I may say will be necessarily somewhat disconnected, as I have not had the necessary time to properly arrange my rambling thoughts, which at best scatter very badly; yet I will endeavor to make myself understood as having tried to find out a few things that have been very satisfactory—to myself, at least—during my many years of farm experience, having been raised and spent most of my life upon a farm, and even yet, at three score and ten, find little abatement of the zeal and interest of younger days. And still I know my experience and observation is not that of many others, or otherwise they do not practice according to their convictions in some things that I deem very essential. When I once remarked that the plow was the needle-gun of the farmer in the summer, I ought to have added that the hay crop was the farmer's fortification in the winter; while, after all, it must be said, to give proper direction to the idea, that the grass crop is the sheet anchor of the whole and the bulwark of defense against starvation all the year around.

Many farmers work with becoming skill and industry to raise a large crop of corn, while they totally neglect to exercise good common sense in the cultivation and security of their grass and hay crop, that with one-fourth of the labor and expense would be worth, in various ways, much more to them. The truth is, nature has done so much for the growth and perfection of the grasses, and their conversion into hay, that some farmers apparently can see no good reason why they should be required to do anything at all themselves. They fail to see what is patent to the grazing farmer, that his work is one of less toil and more profit than he whose only hope of profit is from his golden, but hard-earned harvest of grain, that is more frequently dissipated than those who look more to the careful management of their pastures and meadows, and who although they may not be able to boast of their cattle upon a thousand hills, yet their green fields and smaller flocks betoken thrift, comfort and rural enjoyment worthy of emulation. There is not, in fact, any crop more grateful, or that responds more promptly and profitably to the kind treatment of the husbandman than the grasses, and yet is constantly subjected to neglect, abuse and ill-treatment. The thriftless farmer will scarcely let a spear of it stick its head from beneath a snow bank in the spring, before he will turn his half-starved stock upon it to get a precarious living, greatly to his pecuniary loss, simply because he has failed to deal in a common sense manner by his grass crop the year before, by growing it in sufficient quantity, cutting, curing and securing his hay in a proper manner. Hence he has nothing to feed them with in the spring, as he ought to have; that he may wait, as all good grazing, successful farmers do, until there is a full bite of grass, and the ground settled before he turns out his saock to pasture. The farmer who thus provides, and has not undertaken to carry over winter too much stock, will find that his cattle will thrive and fatten, and go into quarters the following winter kicking up their heels for joy, conscious that their owner has provided equally well for them with plenty of well-cured hay, the sweet smelling odor of which they have scented afar off.

Now, I am not going to discuss the management of the hay question yet, but I don't want to forget it, and don't intend to, for I have much to say on that branch of my subject. Some may think it is a mania with me, and I don't care if they do, if I can attract more special attention to it. In view of the quantity of poor and worthless hay that is brought to market and weighed on the scales I pass every day, when I see a farmer drive up with a load of well-cured, bright, tea-scented hay, I feel like stopping to shake hands with him, and inquire after his wife and children, for I can't help but think what a happy family it must be to have such an intelligent, God-fearing head to it. But I am compelled to say, right here, that not one load out of many that comes to market creates any such sensation as that with me, for much of it ranges all the way along down, and very rapidly, too, from seedless timothy heads, (cut in the moon, probably,) I can't describe where.

THE KIND OF SEED AND HOW MUCH SHOULD BE SOWN TO THE ACRE.

Or rather, perhaps, how little can the average farmer get along with, for if there is any one thing on this round earth that a thriftless farmer is more stingy about than another (except paying his church contribution), it is the quantity of grass seed he can cheat his land out of, and at the same time there is nothing that he expects more from. If I was not afraid of offending some person, I would like to say that a farmer who would sow, in this enlightened age of agriculture, two quarts each of timothy and clover to the acre, would be avaricious enough to cut three tons of hay to the acre if he could get it; but he wouldn't get it, and he ought not either. About as mean a thing as I used to do to my land, some thirty or forty years ago, was to sow three quarts each of clover and timothy, expecting the Almighty to let me gather two tons or more; but he wouldn't do it. But when the prophet came and my eyes were opened and I sowed six quarts each, or half a bushel of timothy, I called my friends and neighbors together to behold the crop of hay and rejoice with me.

And now, while on this subject let me fortify a little by quoting the observations of an intelligent corresponden and practical farmer of the "Albany, New York, Cultivator," who had visited Mr. Champion's famous dairy farm a few years ago, and where they now raise such enormous crops of grass and wheat. I don't endorse Mr. C.'s exorbitant quantities of seed for our western and newer soil, but that we sow entirely too small a quantity in a vast majority of cases, is undoubtedly true.

THICK SOWING OF GRASS SEED AND CLOVER —A CASE IN POINT.

It is recommended usually to sow from half a bushel to three pecks of seed to the acre—this by the best farmers. Formerly half that amount was "seed thrown away"—thrown away to a good purpose, but it was not so considered. "Heavy" seeding is now recommended. But what is heavy seeding? It is, as we have said, half a bushel to three pecks. A bushel—who ever sows a bushel? The case is hardly on record. Yet, what will be said when *two bushels* are mentioned? We know such an instance, not for a single field, nor an acre, nor for a year, but as a practice, and on a large scale.

Joel Champion, of Starkville, Herkimer Co., N. Y., has practiced this for many years,—say eight to ten; eight, I believe is the number he told me. This is putting it on thick, it will be said, and so it is.

Mr. Champion "throws away seed," it is said, and said by every one; and yet every one is in high praise of Mr. C.'s pastures and meadows. "Such grass," so "stout," and so "thick," is in the mouth of all. In all my seeing, I have never seen clover so thick, so close, as a lot the present season, sown the past year, two bushels of seed to the acre. In the fall it was the densest and finest field within reach of the eye.

Here was fifteen dollars to the acre thrown away, in part, it was said; and there were ten or twelve acres—one hundred dollars lost in seed. And this is being practiced almost yearly, or as often as occasion may require. Mr. C. is a dairyman, and well to do, so that he "can afford it." He has practised this thing, not that he wishes to "throw away his seed"—he is not that kind of a man—but rather to harbor the pennies, the way he got an accumulation of them.

This lot of clover, so thick that it could not well lodge, but leaned—leaned from bottom to top, a thick mass, yet not rotten, not hurt—this mass was cut at the earliest of cutting. It was harvested, and some of the hay was fed to the stock in the field on account of the shortness of the pasture, and eaten greedily. It was cured—cured in the cock—taken in the second and third day.

Mr. C. has this advantage: If a drouth sets in at the time of seeding, or after, there will still be a "catch"—there at least always has been as far as we have observed. Mr. C. never fails of a good stand of grass. He has clover each year, and clover and timothy—and stout at that, shading the ground and protecting it against the sun.

In writing this article, the writer does not wish to be understood as advocating exactly two bushels of seed to the acre. He does, however, advocate—and he thanks no man to say to the contrary—that we are sowing our seed *much* too thin, even those that sow "heavy" and "spare not." We are afraid; we are handling precious stuff, and we *spare* it, we "make it do." We clip the profit; we *spare* that. Who of all our friends of the *Cultivator* ever *knew* of a man who sowed too thick? What is his name? and how much did he sow? wherein was the loss—the particular loss of that man in that case of sowing? Did the seed fail to come? Perhaps (and a loss). Did it fail when it came to show thick, and to continue and grow thick? This we think, will never be said of clover which gets its strength from the atmosphere.

On the other hand, how much do we hear of failure from too thin sowing? This is the clamor, the yearly complaint, only less loud when the year proves favorable. Then there is fault to the true eye. But even the practiced have yet to learn. Have they tried two bushels? Not they. Have they tried a quarter less? Not that. Even a bushel a whole bushel of grass and clover seed has been too much. Has any one tried *that?* No. We try only by small degrees; we learn hard; we are careful when the dear stuff is handled. Then let us try—try a little, an acre, half an acre. "Trial is the thing that advances the wheel."

TIME AND METHOD OF SOWING CLOVER AND GRASS SEED.

It is about conceded by all good farmers that timothy seed should be sown early in the fall. My plan of late years, and the only one that has proved entirely successful, is to prepare the ground as for wheat, harrowing and pulverizing it thoroughly, and making it as level as possible (I am now speaking of laying it down for meadow), rolling the ground thoroughly, and sowing as soon as the ground is moist and in nice condition, at any time about the last half of August. Divide the quantity of seed and sow behind the roller both ways. Before I used a roller I brushed it in lightly, which did very well. If the weather remained quite dry I passed over the roller again. A good, dashing rain, however, rendered it unnecesary. Sowing both ways insures a certain distribution of seed all over the ground, and avoids naked spots,—a very important point gained. As a result of that kind of management I always expected, and generally realized a good crop of fine timothy hay the next season, worth more than a crop of wheat, besides having it better seeded by far than was possible when sown with wheat, as is generally the case. My land was all thoroughly underdrained, and consequently did not suffer much from dry or wet seasons. Quantity of seed of late years and on old ground, from half a bushel to three pecks, depending upon the weather and other conditions.

Orchard grass I sowed three bushels, precisely in the same manner, except that I rolled it in both ways. Clover I generally sowed half a bushel on wheat in the spring; never tried it separately. It usually did well enough that way; also sowing a bushel or two of plaster early in May. I generally divided the seed into three parts, and sowed the first on snow, in March, if possible; following with the others as fast as the weather and ground were favorable. Used a seed sower, and was careful to have the seed as evenly distributed as possible, by sowing crosswise of the first sowing.

SELECTION OF GRASS AND CLOVER SEED.

The failure to obtain a good stand of grass from seed is, for the most part, attributable to the following causes, namely: First of all, and the most dangerous, and, I may add, the most common, is the use of old and poor seed. Second, the small quantity of seed used—the time of sowing the seed, added to the unfavorableness of the season at the time of sowing, causing the seed to fail to germinate, or unseasonable and unexpected frosts, or continued dry weather, causing a large portion of the young plants to perish for want of the necessary moisture to furnish nourishment. The first of these is quite too common and ought, by all means, to be avoided. A sample of such as is intended to be sown should be tested by placing between three or more thicknesses of cloth or raw cotton batting a certain number of seeds, keeping them constantly moist, in a suitably warm place. Shortly, signs of swelling, and the sprouting of the good seed will be apparent. If the seed is new and proper attention has been given to the matter, all the seed will start about the same time. If only a portion, or but a few sprout, you may rely upon it the seed is old, or new and old mixed, and should by no means be used; and even if the seed has been purchased, procure a new supply at once or your catch will be a failure, for even the seeds that do start will probably perish for want of the necessary vitality to successful growth. Blue grass is especially liable to this fault. The seed is very small, and the vital power of reproduction is limited to a year or two, and the demand not being so regular, it frequently leaves large quantities for seedsmen to carry over from year to year, and they don't always throw it away. The same danger exists in purchasing orchard grass, and should, therefore, be carefully looked after. It should be recollected that when tests are made there must be no foolishness about it. The cloths or cotton must never be allowed to get dry. A common sponge, sprinkled with seed, and kept in a vessel with sufficient water to moisten seed is recommended, but I have never tried it; the other method I frequently have, and received great benefit from the experiment. I will say more about the varieties of grasses further on, and will, while the spirit moves, speak of the

TIME TO CUT TIMOTHY GRASS FOR HAY, AND HOW IT IS DONE.

Timothy unquestionably makes much the best hay for all classes of stock when well cured, which is more easily accomplished than any other grass, but which is not always done by any means; and yet is as worthless as need be when cut at an unseasonable time, or handled in an unintelligent manner. My rule for cutting timothy is when it is in its very best estate, if possible, and that is when the major part of the field is in bloom. Some of the seeds were then in the milk, and most of them perhaps, before I was through, for I never cut my grass, wet or dry, because I was ready, as some do. But my rule is to begin the first fair day after I think the gluten, starch and sugar are most abundant in the stalk and leaves, and hurry on the work as fast as possible during the dry weather and while there is plenty of hot sunshine. I never cut grass for hay when it is wet from much dew or even a very little rain. Only a careful observation of the weather is needed, generally, to secure the crop in good condition. During the summer season two or three days of cloudy or rainy weather is usually followed by about the same number of days of good, or fairly good, hay-curing weather, alternating in that manner through the season, except in seasons of severe drought or excessive rains. I never pay any attention to the signs in the moon or the weather prophets. I once bought a barometer, but it was too slow in coming to conclusions to suit me. They are poor property for the average farmer, and scarcely as reliable as the rheumatic is. All things being ready and the weather favorable, I start the mower as soon as the dew is off in the morning and push it for all that is in it for five or six hours, if the weather continues favorable, or until the rake starts, which must be in time to take up all that is cut, with men following the windrows with forks, cocking up in good shape as fast as raked, leaving no uncocked hay at sundown in the meadow.

With the view of saving time and money, as was supposed, I have seen grass cut between showers, and when the grass and ground were soaking wet. No farmer does that, as a rule, whose stock is sleek and fat in the spring, or who does not sell more hides to the tanner than he does cattle to the butcher, unless he relies chiefly on his corn-crib to see him through. Good, clean, bright timothy hay, cut and cured at the proper time, has a delicious aroma that is as grateful to the human nostrils as to the taste of the brute creation; whereas, if cut when wet, and raised upon when partly cured, and then partially dry and rained upon again, which is too commonly the case, requiring several days to fit it for the barn or stack, it is musty, tasteless and without substance or value. The only way such trash can be made useful is as bedding for stock, and thence into the manure pile, for which it is worth somewhat more than straw. Such deceptive stuff as this, which by courtesy is called hay, is bought and sold as such in the market. It is the only product of the farm but what can be guaged by the buyer somewhat according to its relative merits—except, perhaps, rotten eggs. The imposition is not so great on the purchaser, for he ought to know better, as it is upon the poor animals that are forced to eat it. Somehow or other people will not understand, or give the subject a thought, in regard to the process of chemical change that takes place when the attempt is made to convert the well matured green grass by cutting it and converting it into what is termed hay, preserving at the same time intact all the richness it contained when in its green state; so that when required for use, it having undergone the necessary chemical change, it becomes as fragrant as the choicest tea, and is eagerly sought after by the stock at all times and all seasons of the year. Even when grass is most abundant, stock with a well-filled stomach will eat it with an astonishing relish. But I need not say they will not touch such as has lost its fragrance and its richness.

THE CURING OF CLOVER

Is more difficult than timothy, and is more easily injured by rain or heavy dew when in process of curing; and yet, I never had very much trouble, or suffered much loss. It is a very profitable crop to the farmer, whether considered as a green or cured crop. As a fertilizer it has no competitor. But as it is clover hay that we wish to consider now, specially, it is only necessary to say this, that unlike timothy, it should be housed after it is cut, without being subject to any rainfall. It is very impatient of wet weather, when in process of curing. Even after it is put into the cock and ready for the barn, a very little rain does it harm, and a soaking rain ruins it, unless protected by coverings made of some kind of cheap material, that is much in use in certain localities. Whereas, well-cured timothy hay, if carefully cocked up in dry weather will endure rain for some days, sometimes without serious injury. The experiment, however, is not to be recommended if it can be avoided. In cutting and curing clover I have always observed much the same rules as with timothy. Dry, hot weather will insure success. If very heavy and green, it may need turning out of cock for airing if the weather continues favorable a day or two, but don't let it get wet if possible. Haul it in the barn rather, green with all the juices of the stalks and leaves in it, than have it get wet, but don't stack it unless well covered with straw. A convenient straw stack in the barn-yard can be utilized to great advantage when mowing away clover rather green, by placing alternate layers of straw and clover. But I had experience some years ago that led me to think that the danger of losing clover hay from sweating, heating and moulding in the mow with all the juices, but no water in it, is a delusion. I had a small field of about eight acres of very heavy clover that perplexed me to find suitable weather during a wet season to cut, until it began to be almost too ripe, as I thought, according to my rule to make first class hay, more than half of the heads having turned brown. At last a fair day or two came, and on the second morning appearing favorable, and being in a desperate mood to do something, I ordered the mower out and all hands to rake and haul in the barn as fast as it fell before the machine, and see what would come of it. We mowed it away in a small bay that I had reserved for it in a sheep barn, as fast as it came from the sickle, and when night came the job was finished. During a thunder shower about a week afterwards one of the men reported the barn on fire, the smoke issuing from every crevice and through the roof. Supposing the barn was struck by lightning, we all ran down to see what could be done to save some tools, etc., stored in it. We soon discovered the seat of the trouble to be in the clover mow. We opened all the doors and left the consuming fire to put itself out as best it could, deciding that the clover hay was done for; the only consolation being that it hadn't cost much to cure it But winter finally came as usual, with its necessities for feed, and upon the investigation of the burnt clover to see whether any of it could be utilzed, it was found that after removing from twelve to twenty inches from the top, which was black and mouldy, the balance was as fine clover hay as could be desired, the leaves and heads being preserved in good color and condition, and was well relished by the sheep, which went through the winter in fine condition without a particle of grain. As it was hurriedly put in the mow with a horse hay fork it settled, of course, very uneven, and consequently more was wasted than would have been the case had it been put in by hand and well trod down level, according to the old and best, but not the cheapest method. From this and later experience I argue that clover, timothy and the other grasses, with all their juices retained, are injured more from delays after being cut than from being housed too soon. Indeed, I have never witnessed any bad effects from hay put away quite green during dry weather, but I have as every other farmer has, no doubt, from its being wet or from being too long exposed to the weather. The curing process will go on if the pure juices of the plant are not washed out, and in proportion as they are retained when secured under shelter, may its value as hay be calculated. Water, in however small quantity, after the chemical change, or curing process, has fairly commenced, will arrest its progress to a certain extent which by careful manipulation in succeeding good weather may be dried out and cured, but which, on the contrary, heavy rains cause to sour and turn unmeasurably, if not entirely, worthless.

GRASS FOR PASTURE AND PASTURE LAND.

True pasture land should be used as such, and for nothing else. The best is started as a woods pasture, after the undergrowth is cut and burned, immediately sowing orchard grass and blue grass as early in the spring as you please—on the snow if you can. Of course, the faster the remaining timber can be removed the better. Our soil and climate is so well adapted to blue grass that it follows up civilization, and by the time the timber is all removed the ground is well covered with grass for the future pasture, that needs no further attention, and which will never die out. No plow should ever be allowed to turn a furrow in the field, as it has been been demonstrated over and over again that the longer pasture ground is used as such undisturbed, the more stock will it carry through each succeeding season. My own experience of twenty years with a sixteen-acre field demonstrated this theory to my mind beyond dispute. Old ground, natural to blue grass and white clover, as most of our land is, desired for pasture, may be sown heavily with clover and orchard grass, a small quantity of blue grass, but no timothy, which, although the best of all for hay, is valueless for pasture as compared with those mentioned. The clover will disappear as soon as the other grasses get well established, giving place to the blue grass and white clover, the orchard grass holding its own, and always giving the first grateful bite to the stock in the spring and the last to furnish feed in the fall.

SALTING HAY

Is a bad, if not a dangerous practice, first introduced, no doubt, by shiftless farmers. I have recently seen an article in an agricultural paper, where half a bushel of salt to a two-horse wagon-load of hay was recommended when the hay was not in good condition when mowing away, and from a gallon to a peck in all cases. I don't approve of salting good hay at all, by any means, and have never done so, at least not for the last thirty years, or since I learned better. Stock will eat all the good, bright, well-cured hay they need for health and thrift, and even get reasonable fat upon it, without the use of artificial means to stimulate or create an appetite, while they will virtually starve on poor hay well salted. There is little or no difference in the value of hay that was made from grass cut at the proper time and injured by rain, or cut when dead-ripe, as we call it, and secured in good order. If left uncut until the seed ripens, the stalk then is dry, hard and unfit for feed, being without leaves, and the seed rattled out so as to present nothing but the straw (as timothy seed sowers call it), while the plant itself has exhausted its vitality in maturing the seed. It is false economy to compel stock to eat the dry, tasteless stalks or weather-beaten, rotten, mouldy trash that has scarcely any life-sustaining substance in it, by being enticed to do so by the grateful taste of the salt that it contains. While the farmer may fool the poor dumb creatures in that way, he cheats himself more, as his lousy, sorry-looking stock in the spring will testify, provided it survives that long. I always preferred giving my stock an opportunity to take their salt as they wished it. For that purpose I usually mixed about a peck of salt to a bushel of wood ashes, keeping it in sufficient quantities and places easy of access at all times. They will then consume merely what nature craves, and therefore only what is essential to their health. It is true, hungry or half-starved stock will eat a good deal of poor hay if heavily salted, which as a consequence will create an acute thirst, which will cause them to drink a great deal more ice water than will do them good, but, on the contrary, absolute harm; as common sense will suggest by seeing the poor creatures shivering and hunting for more comfortable quarters, when, if properly treated, they would have been snorting and chasing each other or amusement. When I feed good, well-cured hay (which I always aim to do), I never feed grain except to prize stock, beef cattle and sheep, or to those needing special care; and I was never ashamed of them in the spring, and they never acted as if they were ashamed of their owner. I always tried to keep on good terms with my stock by giving them plenty of the best the farm would afford.

SOMETHING MORE ABOUT CLOVER AND OTHER GRASSES.

A seemingly contradictory theory at first thought may present itself when it is argued that the larger the crop of clover grown, even if wholly removed from the ground, the larger the succeeding crop of corn, wheat, or other grain. If this is true, and I believe it to be so, my own experience confirming it, it is another evidence of the necesity of sowing clover seed with a most liberal hand, so that every inch of ground is occupied. I have crossed over clover fields, as doubtless others have, that were considered a pretty good catch or stand, where I could place my foot upon the naked ground at nearly every step. I have done it on my own ground and none the less discreditable for all that. In unfavorable seasons of very late spring frosts, and continued droughts, a failure is inevitable. But I never bothered with a half-seeded field—I couldn't afford it. The vacant places can not be successfully filled out no matter how much seed is sown. Had the necessary quantity been sown in the first place it is possible a fair stand might have been obtained—and it is more than probable it would do it where the failure is only partial. Nitrogen seems to be the grand renovating element produced necessary to the growth of crops, and clover is its great producer, both from the atmosphere and the subsoil. During the growth of the crop a large amount of nitrogenous matter accumulates in the soil, which is attributed to the quantity of decaying leaves and roots left on the ground and in the soil. A heavy crop of clover on the ground shades and shelters the surface soil so completely from the sun that it aids the accumulation of ammonia or nitrogen near the surface and consequently greatly enriches it. That shade is an enriching element is demonstrated by the simple fact that covering the ground with straw or other foreign substance for a single season, or even with common boards or plank left loosely on the ground, makes the ground surprisingly more productive. Even a second crop of clover cut for seed, it is claimed, on high authority, still more enriches the ground, owing to the additional amount of ammonia produced by the leaves left upon the ground—and that the succeeding crop of grain will be better than if the second growth had been fed off with stock. I have made no observations in that direction, but the theory is well sustained.

No such good results can be realized from the cutting of the aftergrowth or rouan on the timothy meadow, but must be left on the ground as the only means of enriching it, so as to secure a good succeeding crop of hay, except top dressing is resorted to. Timothy is an exhaustive crop, the roots not penetrating deep enough to obtain nourishment from the subsoil, nor its leaves the capacity to obtain it from the atmosphere. Feeding it off with stock lays the crown of the plants bare which, being of a bulbous nature, are easily injured from exposure. When, however, the aftergrowth is very abundant, timothy meadows may be pastured sparingly, in the fall, to reduce the heavy growth of rouan that sometimes accumulates so as to interfere with the mower; but in no case should sheep be allowed upon it, as they are very apt to nip off the crown of the plant, and thus destroy it.

On the other hand, orchard grass is a robust grower, and very tenacious of life. It masses its roots so as to resist the encroachment of other grasses, covering much of the ground with its large pendant leaves that spring out near the base of the plant to shade, nourish and enrich the soil not occupied by the plant itself. This perhaps accounts largely for its ability to endure excessive droughts. It will produce two large crops of good hay, on rich soil, and submit to more abuse than any other forage plant except blue grass, which is of little value in a very dry season, when it plays opossum, giving every evidence of being dead, yet upon the appearance of the first copious rain, comes up as smiling as if nothing had happened.

I have said nothing about red top grass, which still has some friends, for I see it recommended every now and then, but for my part I haven't a single good word for it. It is only adapted to low or wet lands, and even those had better be drained and sown in timothy or orchard grass if for meadow, or orchard and blue grass if for pasture. Red top makes poor pasture, and is not enduring for meadows; besides, it takes too much of it for a ton of not very desirable hay, as it is of a tough, flexible nature, and not particularly nutritious. Cattle will not tear down a ten rail fence to get to a stack of it if clover or timothy is within their reach, and they are better judges of good hay, sometimes, than their owners.

Hungarian and millet are good annual grasses, and serve as excellent substitutes for hay in seasons of scarcity, but do not come within the range of this discussion. Rye in an emergency, for early spring pasture, is useful and desirable, but milch cows must be kept from it, as it imparts a very unpleasant flavor to the milk and butter.

There are an endless number of other perennial and annual grasses and forage plants, some of which are doubtless of some value in certain localities, with a favorable soil and climate, but none of them are considered desirable for cultivation in Indiana, while some of them have proved to be terrible pests, hard to eradicate.

Perhaps I ought to refer, closing, to an article sold as lawn grass seed, usually put up in packages by seedsmen and sold for more than it is worth. There is no such thing, properly speaking, as lawn grass seed as a species of itself, but is a mixture of grass seeds, most of which, if the preparation is worth anything, is blue grass. But frequently, timothy, red top and other coarse leaved grasses, not suited to a nice lawn, compose the chief part, all of them so old, perhaps, that they refuse to germinate, and the lawn grass seed is denounced as a fraud, which it generally is. The best method of securing a nice lawn, which is the most beautiful thing about the premises, is to cut fresh, strong blue grass sward and sod it. If, however, the grounds are too extensive for this, prepare the ground by manuring it well, trench or plow deep, smooth it nicely and sow fresh blue grass seed, and nothing else, with an unsparing hand early in the fall or very early in the spring; brush or rake it in lightly—water it thoroughly if the season is dry—mow every ten or twelve days to keep down the weeds, and in the fall a beautiful, deep-green, rich, velvety lawn will be the satisfactory reward of your labor.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

SUMMER Imprudences
ARE SURE TO BRING ON SUMMER DISEASES
INDIGESTION,
DIARRHŒA,
DYSENTERY,
COLIC,
CRAMPS,
BOWEL COMPLAINTS,
FEVERS, &c., &c.
BUT
Perry Davis's Pain Killer
DRIVES THEM AWAY.
DRIVES THEM AWAY.
DRIVES THEM AWAY.
DON'T BE WITHOUT PAIN KILLER. BUY OF ANY DRUGGIST.

TUTT'S PILLS
TORPID BOWELS, DISORDERED LIVER, and MALARIA.
From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms indicate their existence: **Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Sick Headache, fullness after eating, aversion to exertion of body or mind, Eructation of food, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, A feeling of having neglected some duty, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, highly colored Urine, CONSTIPATION,** and demand the use of a remedy that acts directly on the Liver. As a Liver medicine **TUTT'S PILLS** have no equal. Their action on the Kidneys and Skin is also prompt; removing all impurities through these three **"scavengers of the system,"** producing appetite, sound digestion, regular stools, a clear skin and a vigorous body. **TUTT'S PILLS** cause no nausea or griping nor interfere with daily work and are a perfect
ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA.
Sold everywhere, 25c. Office, 44 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.
GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed instantly to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.
Office, 44 Murray Street, New York.
TUTT'S MANUAL OF USEFUL RECEIPTS FREE.

—Malaria, Chills and Fever, and Bilious attacks positively cured with Emory's Standard Cure Pills—an infallible remedy: never fail to cure the most obstinate, long-standing cases where Quinine and all other remedies had failed. They are prepared expressly for malarious sections, in double boxes, two kinds of Pills, containing a strong cathartic and a chill breaker, sugar-coated; contain no Quinine or Mercury, causing no griping or purging; they are mild and efficient, certain in their action and harmless in all cases; they effectually cleanse the system, and give new life and tone to the body. As a household remedy they are unequaled. For Liver Complaint their equal is not known; one box will have a wonderful effect on the worst case. They are used and prescribed by Physicians, and sold by Druggists everywhere, or sent by mail, 15 and 50 cent boxes. Emory's Little Cathartic Pills, best ever made, only 15 cents. Standard Cure Co., 114 Nassau street New York

North Carolina
WILKES COUNTY. } In the Superior Court

Charles R. Carlton and others
Against
John P. Carlton.

Notice to File Exceptions to Report:

The defendant, John P. Carlton, will take notice, that the report of the commissioner heretofore appointed to sell the lands described in Plaintiff's complaint (known as the Holt land) has been filed in this office, and that he is required to file exceptions thereto within thirty days after the expiration of this publication.

Given under my hand and official seal on this 14th day of May, A. D., 1883.

I. S. CALL,
Clerk Superior Court.

John S. Cranor, Attorney for Plaintiff.
May 24, 1883.—1d.

Forsyth County—In Superior Court

Elizabeth James
against
The heirs of Joseph Perrel
Philip Perrel
Mary Phillips
Jackson Perrel,
Martha Perrel,
Caroline Byerly
Preston Byerly,
Philip Byerly and
Jackson Byerly.
Summons for Relief.

State of North Carolina.

To the Sheriff of Forsyth County, Greeting:

You are hereby commanded to summon Philip Perrel and others, the defendants above named (if they be found within your county) to be and appear at the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of Forsyth County within twenty days after this service on them, exclusive of the day of such service, and answer the complaint which will be deposited in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of said county, within ten days from the date of this summons: and let them take notice that if they fail to answer the said complaint within that time, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Hereof fail not and of this summons make due return.

Given under my hand and seal of said court this the 29th day of May 1883.

C. S. HAUSER.
Clerk Superior Court of Forsyth County.

In the above named case it appearing to the satisfaction of the court that Philip Perrel, Mary Phillips, Jackson Perrel and Martha Perrel Caroline Byerly, Preston Byerly, Philip Byerly and Jackson Byerly are now non-residents of this State, it is ordered that the above names be published for 6 weeks in the *People's Press*, a paper published in Salem, Forsyth County, notifying said defendants to appear and answer the complaint in said action.

C. S. HAUSER, C. S. C.
R. B. Kerner, Plaintiff's Attorney.

LIFE OF ALEX. H. STEPHENS.

A Life of this eminent statesman and patriot whose name is now especially dear to all Southern hearts, is announced for publication early in April in the ELZEVIR LIBRARY—a fact of decided popular interest, because in that form it will be at once a beautiful souvenir, and within the reach of every Southern home. It is written by F. H. Norton, author of the "Life of General Winfield S. Hancock." "The life of Gustave Dore." It will contain an excellent portrait and other illustrations, making a volume of over 100 pages, and will be sold for the price of ten cents in paper or 25 cents for handsome cloth binding. It will be well to order at once from your local newsdealers, or from the publisher, to be sure of securing a copy from the first edition, as of courre, the demand will be very large. JOHN B. ADLER, Publisher, 18 Vessey Street, New York.

A. N. Zevely & Son,
637 F. Street Washington, D. C,
Attends to business before any of the Departments. Collections etc.

NOTICE.

HAVING qualified as Administrator on the estate of Sophia A. deSchweinitz and the estate of Emil A. deSchweinitz, *de bonis non* with the will annexed, Notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estates, to make immediate payment; and all persons having claims against said estates will present them for payment before June 1st, 1884, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.

J. W. FRIES, Adm'r.
Salem, N. C., May 26, 1883.—22-6w.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS
MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD,
And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 Pill each night from 1 to 13 weeks, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. For curing Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Physicians use them in their practice. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter-stamps. Send for circular. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

DIPHTHERIA
CROUP, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.
JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT will instantaneously relieve these terrible diseases, and will positively cure nine cases out of ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure.
JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT (For Internal and External Use). CURES Neuralgia, Influenza, Sore Lungs, Bleeding at the Lungs, Chronic Hoarseness, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Chronic Rheumatism, Chronic Diarrhœa, Chronic Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Kidney Troubles, Diseases of the Spine and Lame Back. Sold everywhere. Send for pamphlet to I. S. JOHNSON & Co., BOSTON, MASS.

An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist, now traveling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose, 1 teaspoonful to 1 pint food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 8 letter-stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & Co., BOSTON, MASS.
MAKE HENS LAY

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.
GRAND CLEARING OUT SALE OF
CLOTHING.

As we only propose to keep YOUTHS' and BOYS' CLOTHING after this season, we are closing out our stock of MEN'S CLOTHING at an immense sacrifice. Call early and secure a good suit for less than cost of manufacture.

We are also closing out a lot of Gent's Hand made SHOES.

As we contemplate making some improvements and alterations in our Store we have

MARKED ALL OF OUR GOODS DOWN.
IMMENSE DRIVES
In SILKS, DRESS GOODS, LACES, EMBROIDERY, HOSIERY, &c. A few Handsome Embroidered Dresses on hand
AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.
PARASOLS, very cheap,
as we have only a few left, and do not not wish to carry them over.
We are now receiving a nice line of
Ladies', Misses and Children's Shoes,
Manufactured by S. D. Sollers & Co., Philadelphia, for whom we are sole agents.
Every purchaser of ONE DOLLAR or more receives a ticket entitling them to a chance at a HANDSOME SEWING MACHINE, to be given away about October 1st at
RYTTENBERG BROTHERS,
ONE PRICE STORE, BITTING'S NEW BLOCK, LIBERTY STREET.
May 3, 1883.—3m-18. WINSTON, N. C

SPRING AND SUMMER, 1883.
HINSHAW & BYNUM,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL MERCHANTS,
Fourth Street, WINSTON, N. C.

IN making this announcement we are pleased to say that our business has grown far beyond our most sanguine expectations and in purchasing our regular

SPRING AND SUMMER STOCK,

which we are now opening, we have endeavored to buy such goods as will meet

THE WANTS OF OUR CUSTOMERS.

We long ago recognized the fact that business does not go by favor but that people will trade where they can get the

MOST GOODS FOR THE LEAST MONEY.

We are in position to give our customers as many or more goods for the same money than any house in the State. Why:

1st. We have had seventeen years' experience in the mercantile business and know what to buy to best advantage and when to buy.

2nd. We have sufficient capital to enable us to do our business to best advantage.

3rd. We have the most commodious, best arranged store house and most convenient facilities for doing business of any house here.

4th. We know the best is the cheapest, and employ the best Salesmen that can be had.

5th. We do business at a less per cent. of cost on actual sales each succeeding year.

PILLS
BLOOD,
ee months. Any per-
be restored to sound
its these Pills have no
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., BOSTON, MASS.
, BRONCHITIS.
LINIMENT will instan-
diseases, and will positively
information that will save
Don't delay a moment.
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Co., Boston, Mass.
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Powders. Dose, 1 teasp'n-
SON & Co., BOSTON, MASS.
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Bleached and fine
Brown Domestics,
Cases Worsted and
Dress Goods,
Cases Poplin and
Lasts,
Cases Notions,
Cases Boots and
Shoes,
Cases Hats,
Cases Wash etc.
Suits of Clothing,
Cases Shirts,
Cases Umbrellas and
Parasols,
Cases School Books,
Staff country and
Blank Books,
Cases Cocks,
Full stock of Patent
Medicines, Drugs,
Paints, Oils, Varnish-
es, Dye Stuffs and Jute
Rope, Buckets, Tubs,
Kegs, &c.
Cases Tinware,
Cases Shot,
the Tobacco crop
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Carolina or Virginia.
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Wm. Vogler, at 55.00
A. Culler, " 49.00
lex. Merritt, " 49.00
Phelps, " 64.00
J. Macccup, " 55.00
" 69.00
esent Tobacco year:
h the Danville and
to see his old friends
Town and Shallow
EET & CO.

The People's Press.

THURSDAY, JULY 26, 1883.

LOCAL ITEMS.

AN EPITOME OF THE WEEK'S DOINGS.

New Advertisements.

Bethany Academy, E. E. Raper.
Wm. B. Stafford, Administrator of Henry Shoaf, dec'd.

—Em Quad next week.

—Thanks to Mrs. Wm. Turner for a basket of nice apples.

—Last Sunday was a good day for taking the starch out of shirt collars.

—Several colored persons were baptized in Belo's pond last Sunday.

☞ For best COAL OIL, at lowest prices, go to HOUGH & CO'S.

—Dr. Wheeler took charge of the Internal Revenue office on last Saturday.

—Calvin Hauser has bought the house and lot on West street next to Winfield Spainhours.

—A substantial culvert has been put across the street in front of T. F. Crist's, on Church street.

—We notice Tink at his old place again, handling the reins of John Wimmer's dray team.

—Where is the Health Inspector? There are some places that need his immediate attention.

—Lewis McDonald, colored, a well known barber of Winston, died in that place on Saturday last.

—Charlie Berger, the bread, cake and pie baker, visits our town every evening with his wagon.

—Light shower of rain Sunday. Good rain on Friday in the Old Town neighborhood. Weather very warm.

—A Sunday School Convention will be held at Providence, on Saturday before the 2nd Sunday in August next.

—Our young friend, Wm. Wimmer, has accepted and taken a situation in the telegraph office at Wilmington, in this State.

—J. C. Smith, who returned home from a trip to Jackson Hill last week, reports mad dogs being numerous in that neighborhood.

—E. Belo, Esq., we regret to learn, is sick. The general health of this place is good. There is some sickness in the country,—mostly dysentery.

—Jay Zorn caught a monster eel in the creek the other day. Jay's good luck has revived angling, which had begun to lag considerably.

—The painters are through painting the store building occupied by H. W. Fries, and it now presents a neat appearance, inside and out.

—Rev. Solomon Pool, of Chapel Hill, preached in the M. E. church, Winston, on last Sunday morning, and in the Presbyterian church at night.

—F. A. Kapp, of Bethania, has had ripe tomatoes since July 15th, and on the morning of the 23rd gathered three from one stem weighing 1¼ lbs.

—A great many persons are now harvesting their Irish potato crop, which, owing to the drought in the early part of the season, does not turn out well.

—Several car loads of Georgia watermelons were brought to Winston the latter part of last week, and together with the home raised that were brought in, the market was stocked.

—We have received the catalogue of the 23rd Annual Exhibition of the Virginia State Agricultural Society. Fair commences Wednesday, October 31st and ending November 2nd.

—Henry Crotts killed a fish crane at Bethany mill pond, in Davidson County, recently, which measured 6 feet 4 inches from tip to tip of wings and 5 feet 8 inches from beak to toe.

—Clarence Wolfe and his sister, Miss Edith, returned to their home in Bethlehem, Pa., on Thursday of last week. They were accompanied by Mrs. J. L. Fulkerson, who will make Bethlehem her future home.

—A gentleman who visited some friends in the country Sunday, says he never saw the blackberry crop more plentiful. He reports seeing bushels of berries that had dried on the briars, they being too numerous to gather.

—Miss E. A. Lehman, of Salem Academy and Miss E. Chitty, of this place, left for a three weeks tour North, taking in Washington, Philadelphia and New York. Returning home will visit Mt. Vernon and the Luray Caverns of Virginia. Wish them a pleasant time.

—Now that the water melon season is at hand last fall's election bets become due. We know of several persons who have melon bets to pay, among them an old gentlemen from Germany, who was reckless enough last fall to bet us a fine melon that Cv. Watson would not be elected. Trot it in old fellow.

—Two colored men, Mart Pinkston and Ed. Davis, of "Happy Hill," were arrested by officer Shepperd on Tuesday, charged with a. and b., on the person of Lily Chaffin, colored. They had a hearing before Wm. Barrow, Esq., but evidence not being sufficient to convict them they were discharged.

—At a meeting of the Wachovia Cornet Band, held at their quarters on Monday night, the following officers were elected:

D. T. Crouse, Captain; G. R. Shultz, Secretary; I. W. Pegram, Treasurer; Walter Crouse, Janitor.

—The catalogue of Salem Boys' School was printed last week, and is now ready for distribution. This time-honored School, which is now under the supervision of Rev. L. B. Wurreschke, with an efficient corps of teachers, is one of the best in this section of the State, and we hope to see a large attendance at the Fall term, which begins on the 29th of next month.

☞ HOUGH & CO. keep an assortment of FAMILY GROCERIES, at their store formerly occupied by the Salem Iron Works, as ware-room. Their Stock is new, First Class in quality, and prices very low for cash. Call and examine.

—After the water had been pumped out of the old rain cistern in the Public Square last week, before arching it over, a chisel was found at the bottom of the cistern, which had been accidently dropped there twenty-six or twenty-seven years ago, by Alexander Nading, who was at the time making repairs to the cistern. The chisel, both handle and blade was in a good state of preservation, and was returned to Mr. Nading.

—An old hen, belonging to Mrs. Mary Charles, living a few miles from town, hatched a brood of chickens in an apple tree, this spring. The tree has a hollow in it, beginning some eight or ten feet up the body, and the hen contrived a way to get up to it and make her nest there. The family knew nothing of the hen's whereabouts until they were astonished one day at hearing little chicks chirping in the tree. That hen was evidently determined that her spring chickens should be *high*.

—Some of our young men have organized an amateur court, for mutual improvement in the study of law. They organized on Monday evening when the following officers were ananimously elected:

Supreme Court Judge—Henry F. Shaffner.
Superior Court Judge—William T. Brooks.
Solicitor—Henry E. Keehln.
Clerk—Bernie J. Pfohl.
Sheriff—Frank W. Hege.
Treasurer—James R. Nance.

—The body of a colored man was run over and literally cut in two by the train on the Salem Branch, on Thursday night of last week, between this place and Kernersville. It is supposed that he was murdered and thrown on the track, as the body was cold, when the train was stopped. The man's name was Parker, and was in the employ of Beard & Roberts, of Kernersville. He had been drinking pretty freely in Winston, and had a considerable sum of money when he left that evening to go to Kernersville, it is thought about $75 or $80. Only $25 were found on his person when examined previous to holding the inquest. The Coroner's jury rendered the following verdict: "The deceased came to his death from a fall, the cause unknown to them and was dead on the railroad track when the train ran over his body.

BROADWAY TOWNSHIP SUNDAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION.—FIFTH SUNDAY IN JULY.—The following gentlemen will deliver addresses at Union Ridge, on Sunday, July 24th, on the importance of the Sunday School work: Rev. Joseph Miller, Rev. Emanuel Fishel, Rev. A. Peel, of the Friends, Rev. H. A. Brown, Rev. Mr. Miller. Others of the township, will deliver short addresses. Dr. C. H. Wiley is expected to be present.

Recitations by members of the different schools. Good music.

S. A. HEGE,
Vice Pres't.

☞ Go to HOUGH & CO'S for good SALT MACKEREL, at very low prices.

—The frustees of the Friends' school met at New Garden, Guilford County, on Saturday last and decided to hold a grand reunion of the old students on August 23, 1883. The school has been in operation for more than 50 years—not even closing during the war. This will, no doubt, bring together a large assemblage of people from all parts of the South and West, and it is intended to be made an event worthy of the occasion. Several distinguished speakers will be present.

—In less than ten days after it became known that Dr. Wheeler had been appointed Collector, he received more than two hundred letters from friends in different parts of the State offering their congratulations, and many of them expressed a willingness to go upon his bond. Notwithstanding the bond was two hundred thousand dollars, in four days after the Dr. received it, it was executed and approved. We are informed that of all the newly appointed Collectors throughout the United States, Dr. Wheeler was the first to give his bond and receive the appointment. —*Republican.*

LARGE WHEAT CROPS.—This section is fast coming to the front as the finest wheat growing region in the State. The following are the yields of two of our prominent farmers: Mr. Frank Mickey, whose farm is 1½ miles northwest of town, sowed 33 acres and threshed out 515 bushels—an average of 15⅝ bushels to the acre. He used no fertilizer except what he made himself—common stable manure.

Mr. J. P. Crews, whose farm is some four miles east of town, sowed 50 acres and threshed out 784 bushels, an average of 15⅝ bushels per acre. Mr. Crews used commercial fertilizers. The average of these two farmers were within a fraction of a bushel the same. We hope next week to give quite a list in different sections of this and adjoining counties.—*Republican.*

A CARD.

To the Citizens of the Fifth N. C. Collection District:

In taking leave of the citizens of this Collection Districk, I desire to make public acknowledgement of my indebtedness and gratitude to my Deputy Collectors and Clerks for their efficiency, courtesy and promptness. Sober, industrious and accomplished gentlemen, they are worthy of the support and confidence of the citizens of this District. No better evidence of their integrtty and efficiency can be given than the fact, that during their term of office under me, no charge effecting their personal or official character has ever been made from any quarter. The citizens of the District will also please accept my sincere thanks for the earnest co-operation they have given me in the discharge of my official duties.

Very Respectfully,
GEO. C. EVERITT,
Collector.

—The largest and most complete assortment of

☞ ZIEGLER BROTHER'S SHOES

ever brought to this market, just received. H. W. FRIES.

—BLANK BOOKS at the Salem Book Store.

North Carolina Local Ministers' Conference for 1883.

The fourteenth annual session of this body assembled in the Methodist E. church, Winston, on the 19th instant, Rev. W. S. Davis, 1st Vice-President in the Chair, and L. Branson, Secretary. The whole number of local ministers amounts to over 300. Delegates from this number are chosen by the Conference and number 28.

Rev. Solomon Pool arrived in the afternoon and presided. Prominent among the members was Rev. B. York, D. D., of the Randolph High School. Rev. Jno. Alspaugh, and Rev. Solomon Lea, of Leasburg, were the oldest members present.

The following delegates and officers were elected:

Delegates elected for the next conference to be held at Asheville, commencing Thursday before the 4th Sabbath in July, 1884:

Raleigh District—D P Meacham, I B Floyd.
Hillsboro District—I N Mann, Alex Walker.
Greensboro District—S D Franklin, J H White.
Salisbury District—Isaac M Shaver, C Phyler.
Statesvilles District—Dr J P Nicholson, W P Williams.
Shelby District—Dr B F Dixon, R L Abernathy, D. D.
Charlotte District—Elias Overcash, S R Trawick.
Fayetteville District—Rob't S Ledbetter, Neill McN. Smith.
Wilmington District—S H Guyton, F B Andrews.
Newbern District—W H Cunninggim, G W. Neal.
Warrenton District—B F Long, D. D., W S Davis.
Washington District—Hezekiah Farrow, Charles M. Cook.
Holston District—Dr J A Reagan, J W Vandiver.
Albemarle District—J S Chatman, W W Kenedy.

OFFICERS FOR THE ENSUING YEAR.

W S Davis President; W P Williams, 1st Vice-President; Solomon Lea, 2nd Vice-President; W. H. Thompson, 3rd Vice-President; L Branson, Financial Secretary.

The pulpits of the Winston churches were filled by members of the Conference.

A Sunday School mass meeting was held in the evening.

MACHINE-MADE.

Now is the festive melon brought
Fresh from off the vine;
And now is the drug store sought
To increase our supply of quinine.

They stood before an ice cream saloon,
His mind seemed much confused;
His girl, she gazed at the man in the moon,
And to herself thus mused:

"I wonder if the man in the moon
Ever took his girl out to walk,
And kept her standing before a cream saloon,
Just like this silly gawk."

The young man through his pockets went,
In search of the needed dimes;
And when he found he had "nary" cent,
He wished himself in other climes.

Now, all young men who read this,
Should remember in ice cream times,
That in walking out with a young Miss,
They should have, at least, two dimes.

For if by chance they should come
In sight of a cream saloon,
The Miss will expect to get some,
As did the one who gazed at the moon.

—Correspondents will please write only on one side of their paper. Our "devil" while setting up a communition the other day came to the words "turn over" at the bottom of the page and came near dislocating his spine turning a summersault. We explained to him what the "turn over" meant, but he may forget.

—As we are often asked what a dude is, we re-produce the following lines, somewhat remodeled to suit the times. They are rather hard on that class of gentry, but nevertheless give a pretty good definition:

"A dude is a thing that would
Be a woman if it could;
But as it can't, does all it can
To imitate a gentleman."

—A young man who started on a Western tour last week called at the house of the young lady who enjoys ice cream with him, to bid her good bye She was in the kitchen assisting her mother get the dinner when his arrival was anuounced. She hastened into the parlor wiping the tears from her eyes with her apron. "Don't cry, dearest," he said with a tremor in his voice, "I shall be absent for only six short months." Then they bid each other an affectionate farewell and parted; he to go to the great West, and she to return to the kitchen and shed a shower of tears as she finished peeling the tear producing bulbs known as *onions*, while her heart throbed with pain as she thought of the many ice creams she would miss during his absence.

Very Remarkable.

We are not a believer in dreams, but occasionally we hear of some that have actually come to pass, and we had no room for doubt, as the persons who informed us of the facts were trustworthy and reliable. Be that as it may, the following circumstance, was related to us by a gentleman of undoubted veracity:

Not long since, a man living in a neighboring county, dreamed that a large sum of money, in gold and silver coins, was buried at the foot of a large oak tree which stood in a remote place on his farm. His dream impressed itself so strongly on his mind that he was sure the treasure was there, and concluded to go and unearth it. His neighbors ridiculed him for being so superstitious, but the end will show whether his dream was true or not, and how he was rewarded for hours of time spent in digging for the treasure.

Neglecting all work, he took a shovel and mattock and repaired to the tree at the foot of which he dreamed was buried so much treasure, and at once went to work. The task was a hard one, but he worked with a remarkable perseverance, until he was finally rewarded by finding the very money that he dreamed he saw—*not there.*

MORAL.

He who would riches accumulate,
Must work hard, and never wait
For dreams to show him where they're hid,
Or else he'll fare as this man did.

LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.

PENCILINGS BY OUR SPECIAL REPORTER.

FORSYTH AND DAVIDSON COUNTIES.

(ABBOTT'S CREEK.)

—We are having warm days now, and some of the Abbott's Creek weather prophets say that three or four weeks' dry weather may yet be expected.

—Corn is small but the silks and tassels are making their appearance all the same.

—Apples, as a general thing, are not plentiful; nevertheless, some old Anti-Prohibition fogies are talking of boiling a *few* to get a *leetle* essence for spider bites and such like.

—J. M. & A. O. Raper are nearly ready to commence their new store house One brick kiln is now burned, and a large portion of the lumber is on the lot; however, they are driving ahead with the next kiln, and will have it in a burning condition soon. Then we will hear the sounds of the carpenter's saw and hammer in old Teaguetown once more; after that is done, A. O. Raper contemplates building a brick dwelling on the same lot.

HARD ON RATS.—M. A. Tesh says that in removing some old buildings, he gathered up quite a quantity of nails and placed them in a box and put the box in his smoke-house. Recently while examining the nails he found that many of them were gone. How they were taken away was a mystery, as the door was kept locked; but the mystery was solved by watching for a time, and to Mr. Tesh's great surprise, he saw a large rat go to the box, gather up a nail and make off with it. Mr. Tesh says it is bad enough to have his chickens killed by rats, but for them to steal his nails was unbearable, and he at once declared war against the whole rat family. He loaded his No. 32 Derringer and pitched into the rodents hot and heavy. When the battle ended Mr. Tesh was found to be all right, one rat dead and many missing.

—C. E. M. Raper will open school in D. H. School-house on the first of August. Says that his prospects are flattering. L. L. B.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM OUR FRIENDS.

KERNERSVILLE LETTER.

MESSRS EDITORS:—On Saturday afternoon, June 14th, I left Kernersville, in company with Mrs. Rights, to go to Davie County. We stopped over night with Mr. C. A. Hall, at the ferry. On Sunday we went to Macedonia where I preached the funeral of Mrs. Hodge, and had a good congregation in attendance, among them Mr. Dawson and his wife; they, until recently, lived on the road between here and the mountains at the old Solomon Spainhour place. Mr. Dawson now owns the formerly Cooper farm, on the river this side of the ferry. After dinner at Mr. Hodge's, we returned to Mr. Hall's where the rite of Baptism was administered to four of his children, and we spent another night with them and were hospitably entertained. About two o'clock on Monday morning, Mr. Hall, with a number of his hands, left home to go about 14 miles where he had left his thresher, which is run by steam. He has been out three weeks or more and reports wheat as being good. The largest crop threshed as yet was eleven hundred and eleven bushels, belonging to Mr. Walt. Booe. The biggest day's threshing was seven hundred bushels, moving three times; he had four crops then in prospect, each one of which would turn out over a thousand bushels. He says that Davie, upon the whole, is going to turn out a big crop of wheat. In speaking of his engine, he says that he can travel over any kind of roads with only two mules to guide it, and that when he gets to a threshing place, in one minute and a half after he stops he can get ready to begin threshing, and just as quick get ready to go again when the crop is threshed; and there is no lifting and straining on and off the wagons as formerly. Mr. Hall is coming to Winston at the Wheat and Cattle Fair in August and bring his fixtures along, with specimens of Davie wheat.

On Monday morning we gave Mrs. Hall good-bye. She is left to take care of the farm during the absence her husband, and by the way, he could not leave it in better hands, as she knows all about farming. We came through Clemmonsville, but nobody asked us to stop. At "Old Hope" we spent about two hours and then went to Mrs. Christian Sides' where we were treated to a good dinner. Mr. Henry Johnson, who lives with Mrs. Sides, having married her youngest daughter, has the most promising looking crop I have seen this year. From here we went to Mr. Nathaniel Mock's and stopped with "Aunt Regina," who gave us a nice supper, accompanied with that "old fashioned" coffee which she knows so well how to make; by this time it was nearly night, but we had beautiful moon-light to go home in, which we did accordingly.

The senior editor of the *News* has sold out to his partner and retired from the paper. Mr. Lyon deserves credit for inaugurating this enterprise in our midst, and the issuing of the first number of his paper should be commemorated as a "Red Letter Day" in the history of Kernersville, and only those having some knowledge of the difficulties of journalism, especially in the beginning, can fully enter into the merits of the question, especially when we remember that there were already four ably conducted papers in the county, before he started the *News*, and if, as it is asserted, newspapers are educators of the people, then see we have made considerable progress since the day when Mr. John C. Blum made a similar venture in issuing the first number of his *Weekly Gleaner*, and its successors, for many years the only publication in the State west of Greensboro and Salisbury. In sellig to Mr. Lindsay, we think Mr. Lyon has committed his "pet" into safe hands, as he seems to be in all respects a worthy young man.

Mrs. W. H. Gunn, a near neighbor of ours, for years an invalid, and during this last spring apparently helpless, has spent some *five weeks* at Dr. Hamilton's "Infirmary," near Waughtown, spent last week at her home, greatly improved in health, and she thinks by going back (which she has done) and staying five weeks more she will be entirely well.

This dry weather is a glorious time for our brickmakers; they put them down on the yard one day, and next day take them up and put them in the kiln without hacking them up. They have now got their second kiln of sixty thousand nearly ready to burn, and another one of the same number will finish the job.

My neighbors, Mr. George Stuart, Will Hepler and Mr. Pegrim, are building the Episcopal Methodist Parsonage at Stokesburg, for the use of the preachers of the Stokes Circuit. We are glad that they have the prospect for a comfortable home, and no better men could have been gotten to do the work than George and his associates.

Miss Blanche Hunt, daughter of Rev. Moses Hunt, formerly our near neighbor, spent several days in town on a visit. She left for her home in Yadkin, on last Monday. Miss Blanche is a general favorite, and we were all glad to have her among us. C. L. R.

Kernersville, N. C., July 24, 1883.

CHAPEL HILL, N. C., July 24, 1883.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—There cannot be too much said in favor of the University Normal School as well as other Normal Schools in the State. The work of Prof. DeGraff, before the School, is so practical, and done with such earnestness, that all teachers present will certainly be aroused to put forth greater efforts to teach without depending solely upon the text books.

Monday night Prof. DeGraff lectured upon the history of the United States from a hundred years ago to the present. Tuesday morning Major Bingham gave us a lesson, showing how he teaches Physical Geography to his boys.

The closing exercises of the Normal School commence to-night, with a concert by the singing class, under the direction of Prof. Mears.

Wednesday morning, recitations, and also exercises and drill by the Model Class; and a final closing at night by what is called "a cold water walk around." Respectfully, J. F. M.

GENERAL NEWS.

GATHERED FROM HOME AND ABROAD.

—The funeral of Tom Thumb took place last Thursday at Bridgeport, Conn., with Masonic ceremonies. Fully 10,000 persons viewed the remains.

—On Thursday and Friday in New York one hundred and eighteen children died of disease caused by the heat in the tenement houses that are ill-ventilated and without the sanitary requisites to preserve life.

—The Mexican consul at Tuscon, Arizona, has received a letter from the frontier, under date of July 14, stating that near the place where Gen. Crook left the hostiles, in the district of Montezuma, they attacked a Mexican settlement and killed 5 persons.

CINCINNATI, July 17.—A dispatch to the *Commercial Gazette*, from Noblesville, Indiana, says a cyclone last evening demolished Loftin & Evans' large pork packing establishment, carried away the cupulo of the Presbyterian church, and unroofed several business buildings.

—President Arthur has signified his intention of participating in the opening exercises of the Louisville exposition. A special train will be sent to Washington to escort him to Louisville. He will be properly entertained while in the city, and will formally open the great exposition.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 18.—In the criminal court to-day in the case of ex-Senator Kellogg, charged with receiving monies while U. S. Senator, for services in connection with the expedition of the star route service, Judge Wylie dismissed the pleas and held that the indictment was good.

—The bark Monrovia sailed for Liberia from New York on Monday with four families of North Carolina negroes on board. Each family was supplied with money to begin housekeeping in Liberia, and the members all looked healthy and vigorous. Several Liberian missionaries also sailed in the Monrovia.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., July 17.—A severe storm struck this city and vicinity yesterday evening. About a dozen frame residences in the outskirts were damaged and one blown over. Fences and trees were blown down and several buildings struck by lightning. A house and barn in the outskirts were struck, set fire to and burned. Some damage was caused by the flooding of cellars.

—The yellow fever is increasing at Havana.

—Advices from Cairo, Egypt, say that the cholera is spreading everywhere.

—A serious outbreak of cholera is anticipated in Bombay, India, as there were thirty-soven sporadic cases there during last week.

—Gen. E. O. C. Ord, U. S. Army (retired), one of the passengers from Vera Cruz to New York on the steamer City of Washington, died in the Havana hospital, of yellow fever, on the 22d inst.

—The predicted strike of the Telegraphic Operators has taken place, and is causing considerable inconvenience among the business men of the country. The Telegraphic Brotherhood are holding meetings and from present indications arrangements will be made. The "Western Union Telegraph people" refuse to recognize "The Brotherhood," but have signified a willingness to come to terms as to time and wages, without recognizing the organization of the operatives.

COLUMBIA, S. C., July 19.—At the evening session of the State Colored Convention the committee on the penitentiary reported that the Governor said he intended to have the cruelty to convicts stopped. The committee on education reported that the superintendent of education heartily sympathized with the movement to educate the negroes, and would attend the National Colored Convention at Louisville to urge that body to recommend to Congress a bill giving national aid to the schools. A address was adopted denouncing the Republican party for its course toward the colored race during the last six years and for conferring every office of honor and trust upon white men; denouncing the government as the most damnable to which a free people were ever subjected; asserting that trial by jury was denied defendants and that the verdicts and sentences are determined by the condition and color of the accused; denouncing the lynching of colored men suspected of offences; complaining that the public school system is inefficient; condemning the system of farming out convicts and calling for its abolition. The debate on the address was quite heated.

"I Saw a very Ugly Ghost."

A charming young lady of Brooklyn was relating some of the troubles she had had in the night. The ghost which walked into her room looked something like a lobster and something like a scare-crow. She remembered that she had enjoyed a good supper of lobster salad. When asked how it was that she was able to be out of bed in the morning, she remarked that she always kept a bottle of PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER in her room, and that two moderate doses of this most efficient remedy had driven the ghost away.

DIED.

At Knob Noster, Missouri, on July 13th, Mr. Jacob Mock, formerly of Waughtown, aged about 60 years. Mr. Mock was well known and highly respected, and the bereaved family have the sympathy of many friends here.

A BOOK FOR EVERY AMERICAN.

"Our Country and its Resources."

This work should be in the hands of everybody. It gives a complete, yet brief history of the United States. Its Wonders in Nature and Art, and its Free Schools. In short the results of a Century of Free Institutions. Sold only by subscription. E. L. Hege, Agent. Cloth bound $4.00. Library style $5.00. Don't fail to examine it. A complete book is shown, and the subscriber can see just what he gets.

Subscriptions left at Salem Book Store will receive prompt attention by the Agent.

NOTICE.

Having qualified as Administrator of the estate of Henry Shoaf, deceased, persons indebted to said deceased are hereby requested to make payment to me at once, and thereby save costs; and all those having claims against the estate of said deceased, are hereby notified to present them duly proven as the law directs, within twelve months from the 21st day of July, 1883, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.

W. B. STAFFORD,
Adm'r of Henry Shoaf, dec'd.
July 21, 1883.

BETHANY ACADEMY,

BETHANY P. O., N. C.

THE FALL SESSION of this School will begin **August 6th,** and continue twenty-weeks. All English Branches, with Latin, French, Mathematics, &c., will be taught.

Board $6 to $8 per month.
Tuition $1 to $3 per month.
For further information address the Principal,
E. E. RAPER,
Bethany, N. C.

BINGHAM SCHOOL,

(Established in 1793,)

Is **PRE-EMINENT** among Southern Boarding Schools for Boys, in **Age,** in **Numbers,** in **Area** of **Patronage** and in equipment for **Physical Culture.**

The 179th Session will begin Aug. 1st, 1883.

Maj. R. BINGHAM, Sup't.

Bingham School P. O., Orange Co., N. C.

PLANTATION FOR SALE!

A tract of land containing about 112 acres, well watered, within three miles of Winston, with considerable wood land and meadow thereon, for sale. The improvements consist of a dwelling, barn and tobacco barn.

Apply to L. V. BLUM, Salem.
T. R. PURNELL, Raleigh.

TOWN LOTS FOR SALE!

The undersigned offers for sale four town lots in Winston, three situated on Depot Street, and one west of the courthouse, in rear of Wm. B. Gleen's residence. For further information apply to the undersigned, or to Charles Bufort, at railroad depot.

Terms cash. L. V. & E. T. BLUM.

A Book for Everybody, Men and Women, Young and Old.

"Error's Chains," "How Forged and Broken," a complete history of the beliefs, peculiarities, legends and traditions, customs and habits of mankind throughout the world, ancient and modern. It is purely religious. Contains 785 pages, and costs, cloth $4.00; Library style, $5.00; Full Morocco, $6.75. Prompt attention given to subscriptions left at the Press office, Salem.

Anddress orders to
P. A. SNIDER, Agent,
Winston, N. C.

WANDA,
OUIDA'S LAST NOVEL,
AT THE SALEM BOOKSTORE.

THOSE WISHING
Tomb Stones
will please bring in their orders at once. I have a new brick shop and am prepared to fill orders promptly.

I. W. DURHAM,
Winston, N. C.

WISE people are always on the look-out for chances to increase their earnings, and in time become wealthy; those who do not improve their opportunities remain in poverty. We offer a great chance to make money. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expenstve outfit furnished free. No one who engages falls to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

LIVER WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS Secure Healthy action to the Liver and relieve all bilious troubles.

Purely Vegetable; No Griping. Price 25c. All Druggists

MRS. T. B. DOUTHIT,
SALEM, N. C.

MILLINERY GOODS, NOTIONS, FANCY GOODS,

RIBBONS, VELVETS, FLOWERS AND STRAW GOODS CONSTANTLY ON HAND AND SUPPLIED TO THE TRADE AT VERY LOW FIGURES.

☞ OUR GOODS SURPASS ANYTHING IN THE MARKET. ☜

Salem, N. C., May 17, 1883.-20.

North Carolina R.R.

Condensed Schedules.

TRAINS GOING EAST.

Date, Jan. 3 1883.	No. 51, Daily.	No. 53, Daily.
Leave Charlotte	4 10 a m	4 35 p m
" Salisbury	6 05 a m	6 26 p m
" High Point	7 28 a m	7 50 p m
Arrive Greensboro	8 10 a m	8 33 p m
Leave Greensboro		9 10 p m
Arrive Hillsboro		11 28 p m
" Durham		12 08 a m
" Raleigh		1 23 a m
Leave "		1 30 a m
Arrive Goldsboro		3 50 a m

No. 15—Daily, except Saturday. Leave Greensboro 6 30 a. m. Arrive at Raleigh 2 45 p. m. Arrive Goldsboro 7 20 a. m.

No. 51—Connects at Greensboro with R & D. R. R. for all points North, East and West, via Danville. At Salisbury with W. N. C. R. R. for all points in Western North Carolina.

No. 53—Daily at Greensboro with R. & D. R. R. for all points North, East and West, and for all points on the W. & W. R. R.

TRAINS GOING WEST.

Date, Jan. 3, 1883.	No. 50, Daily.	No. 52, Daily.
Leave Goldsboro	10 [illegible] a m	
Arrive Raleigh	12 15 p m	
Leave "	4 15 p m	
Arrive Durham	5 32 p m	
" Hillsboro	6 31 p m	
" Greensboro	8 30 p m	
Leave "	9 15 p m	9 10 a m
Arrive High Point	9 50 p m	10 50 a m
" Salisbury	11 12 p m	12 15 p m
" Charlotte	0 a m	2 15 p m

No. 16, D'lye x Sunday—Lv. Golds. 4 40 a. m
Ar. Raleigh 8 30 p. m
Lv. Raleigh 9 10 a. m
Ar. Greensboro 4 45 p. m

No. 50—Connects at Charlotte with A. & C. A. L., for all points in South and Southwest.

No. 52—Connects at Charlotte with C. C. & A. R. R. for all points South and Southwest.

N. W. N. C. RAILROAD.

GOING WEST.	No. 50, Daily.	No. 52, Daily, ex.Sun.
Leave Greensboro	9 25 p m	10 25 a m
Arrive Kernersville	10 41 p m	11 35 a m
" Salem	11 10 p m	12 09 p m

GOING EAST.	No. 51, Daily, ex. Sun.	53, Daily.
Leave Salem	6 20 a m	6 15 p m
Arrive Kernersville	6 46 a m	6 45 p m
" Greensboro	7 45 a m	8 00 p m

State University Railroad.

GOING NORTH.	No. 1 Daily ex.Sun.
Leave Chapel Hill	7 30 a m
Arrive University	8 28 a m

GOING SOUTH.	No. 2 Daily, ex.Sun.
Leave Raleigh	5 40 p m
Arrive University	6 42 p m

PULLMAN SLEEPING CARS
WITHOUT CHANGE,

On Train No. 50—New York and Atlanta via Washington and Danville.

On Train No. 52, Richmond and Danville and Washington and Augusta, Ga., via. Danville.

☞ Through Tickets on sale at Greensboro, Raleigh, Goldsboro, Salisbury and Charlotte, and at all principal points South South-west, West North and East. For Emigrant rates to Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas and the South-west, address

M. SLAUGHTER
Gen'l Pass'r Agt.
Richmond, Va.

Dissolution.

The firm of Reynolds and Reynolds has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. Either party is empowered to settle claims, give receipts, etc.

W. P. REYNOLDS,
C. A. REYNOLDS,

May 1, 1883.

DR. J. C. ECTOR,

HAVING removed to Liberty Street, in Winston, offers his professional services to the citizens of Winston, Salem and surrounding country. With a practice of twenty-five years he hopes to have a liberal patronage.

OFFICE second house North of First National Bank.

Jan. 2, 1883.

HERRICK'S POEMS,
THE FINEST GIFT BOOKS OF THE SEASON
AT SALEM BOOKSTORE.
SPLENDID PRESENT FOR CHRISTMAS.

R. B. KERNER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WINSTON, N .C.

T. R. PURNELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
RALEIGH, N. C.

PICTURES! PICTURES!!
CHROMOS, framed, at the SALEM BOOK STORE.

FOR SALE Double Buggy and Harness. Enquire at SALEM BOOK STORE.

ONE DOLLAR BOOKS.

Life of Napoleon Bonaparte,
" " Washington and other Generals,
Dickens' Child's History of England,
POEMS, from 60 cents to $1.00.

BIRTHDAY BOOKS.

Cooper's Pilot,
Swiss Family Robinson,
Robinson Crusoe,
Arabian Knights,
Captain Kid,
1,000 Miles Walk,
Louis Philippe,
Heart of Steel, (Fisher).
Michelenas Daisy,
Peter the Whaler,
Scottish Chiefs,
Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare,
Sam Slick, Plants of the Bible,
Vicar of Wakefield, Apple Blossoms,
Lalla Rookh, Talking Leaves,
Paradise Lost, Euphrates and Tigris,
Picciola, John Eax,
Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures,
Charlotte and Lucy Temple,
and a large lot of valuable books at prices far below cost.

Don't neglect this opportunity of buying books at AUCTION PRICES.

Books sent by mail, postage will be added. Sent postage free at regular retail prices.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM.
Salem, N. C., April 12, 1883.

5 CENTS. MUSIC 5 CENTS.

Just received at the
SALEM BOOKSTORE,
a choice lot of
SHEET MUSIC
at the low price of
5 Cents a Copy.

The following is a partial list:

Kathleen Mavourneen.
Cradle Song, - - - *Mendelssohn.*
I Love my Love, - - - *Pinsuti.*
Then You'll Remember Me, *Balfe.*
Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep, - - - - *Knight.*
Tapping at the Garden Gate.
Robin Adair.
Watchman tell us of the Night, *Gounod.*
Nearer my God to Thee, - *Barton.*
Old Oaken Bucket.
Il Trovatore.
Maiden's Prayer, and others.

ETHIOPIAN SONGS.

Put on the Golden Crown.
Old Nicker Demus.
Baby Joe, and others.

This music is full size and in clear and neat impressions, fully as good as the higher priced sheets.

$72 A week made at home by the industrious. Best business now before the public. Capital not needed. We will start you. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time, or give your whole time to the business. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay, by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Having taken out Letters of Administration on the estate of Alanson E. Welfare dece

THE ROMANCE OF A JEWEL.

STRANGE STORY OF THE FAMOUS ORLOV DIAMOND.

Stolen From the Eye of an Indian Idol—How an Astute Armenian Merchant Carried It to Empress Catherine.

The famous Orlov diamond, which adorns the imperial scepter of Russia, once formed the eye of an idol in a temple near Trichinopoli, and was abstracted by a French renegade, who escaped with his prize to Persia. Here he wandered from town to town, trying to dispose of it for a moderate sum, but only meeting with distrust and suspicion. At length, when the news of the theft had spread over India and reached Persia, fearing arrest, he accepted the offer of a Hebrew merchant, and surrendered the diamond for $10,000. The shah at once gave orders to arrest the man, dead or alive, and to seize the diamond; whether for the purpose of restoring it to its rightful owners, or in order to retain it for his own delectation, it is now impossible to say. The Jewish merchant naturally became alarmed for the safety of his new acquisition, as well as that of his head, and gladly sold the stone to an astute Armenian merchant named Shafras, for $60,000. The magnificence of Catherine the Great and her court was a byword in Armenia and Persia, and Shafras knew right well if he could reach St. Petersburg with his diamond he would be able to dispose of it at a handsome profit.

The greatest difficulty was to secrete the stone so thoroughly about his person that in case of his arrest it should not be discovered. It was too large for him to swallow, so he solved the problem by making a deep incision in the calf of his left leg, inserting the stone and sewing up the wound with silver thread. When the cut had cicatrised sufficiently to allow the removal of the wire, Shafras began his travels toward Russia. Had he known on arriving at the frontier that the diamond had been traced to the Jewish merchant, and from him to an Armenian, he would probably have tried to conceal his nationality. But he boldly proclaimed himself an Armenian merchant to the shah's inquisitive officials, was arrested and consigned to prison on suspicion. Strong emetics were administered, but no diamond came to light. He was stripped naked, plunged into a hot bath and then examined from head to foot, with no better success. Even a little torture was tried, but Shafras was firm; and in the end he was bundled unceremoniously over the frontier—his petty cash, however, being retained. He reached Orenburg, and here some compatriots advanced him sufficient money to reach the capital.

Catherine the Great was short of ready money when Shafras offered her his diamond for sale. He demanded £40,000 for it, but the empress could not raise more than £20,000, and, though she offered 40,000 dessiatins (at four acres each) of crown land in addition to this sum, Shafras refused. Catherine was greatly chagrined, and did not hide her annoyance, but she was too noble a character to resort to the coercive measures which a shah of Persia would have adopted without a moment's hesitation. Shafras was allowed to depart unmolested, and betook himself to Amsterdam to have his diamond cut. Here it was that the famous Count Orlov first saw the jewel for which his imperial mistress had sighed, and he determined to lay it as a gift at her feet. The bargain with Shafras was concluded off-hand, for Count Orlov never haggled. In exchange for the diamond (which weighs 185 carats, and is valued at £300,000) Count Orlov promised Shafras, on his return to Russia, £70,000 down, an annuity of 2,000 rubles, and a patent of nobility.

The count kept his word. Shafras the kupets (merchant) became Lazarev the dvorianin (gentleman), cashed his bills at the imperial treasury, and drew 2,000 rubles a year for the rest of his life, which as usual with annuitants, was a very prolonged one. Before he died, he became one of the richest men in Russia. With the price of the diamond he bought mines in the Oural, land in Bessarabia, and houses in St. Petersburg.

The "unearned increment" in thirty years made him ten times a millionaire, and at the present day his descendants, numbering hundreds, are all immensely rich. Loris Melikov, former minister of the interior, and Delianov, at present minister of public instruction, are grandchildren of the Armenian Lazarev.—*London Truth.*

An Island Covered With Eggs.

A recent issue of the Santa Barbara (Cal.) *Press* says: Last Tuesday afternoon Captain A. Larco, the well-known fisherman, returned to port after a five days' cruise among the islands off the coast. His voyage was something out of the ordinary way, and his route was one seldom taken by him, or, in fact, any other coaster. The most interesting portion of Captain Larco's story was his description of an island covered with eggs. He says that a short distance from San Miguel island, standing out lone and solitary in the Pacific ocean, there is a rock with a surface of about three acres. The sides are precipitous and almost inaccessible except during calm weather. While becalmed near the rock he visited it, and was amazed at the scene presented to his vision. The island is covered with a layer of guano, in which seafowls of all description were found laying or incubating their eggs. The surface appeared to be almost entirely covered with eggs, principally those of the sea gulls, shaggs, and a small bird known as the salt water duck. He said it was difficult to walk without treading upon the eggs. He brought away several bushels of these eggs. The shagg's eggs are of a light blue color and somewat smaller than a domestic hen's eggs. The gull eggs are somewhat larger in size, light brown, spotted with black dots.

Larco says he could easily load a ship with those eggs from this island, but as there is no market for them here they are not worth gathering.

A Bird Story.

The sparrow is a saucy adversary, afraid of nothing and seldom worsted in a fair fight; but of course he has to yield to superior members. Thus, not long ago in the Austrian town of Klagenfurth a throng of persons watched a siege which left a sparrow in a most deplorable situation. He had taken possession of the nest of a pair of swallows under the balcony roof of a savings bank and when they returned refused to be ejected. Whereupon they flew off and presently returned with a score of their kindred, each bearing a lump of mud in its bill. Before the sparrow realized what was going on his enemies had shut him up in the nest, leaving only one small opening out of which, at last accounts, his neck was hanging in a disconsolate manner, while starvation stared him in the face.

Ten feet of solid honey was found in a Georgia bee tree.

WISE WORDS.

In prosperity work is a duty; in misfortune it is a refuge.

Among intelligent people antipathies are more irreconcilable than hates.

Prosperities can only be enjoyed by them who fear not at all to lose them

Many have genius, but, wanting art, are forever dumb. The two must go together to form the great poet, painter or sculptor.

These two things, contradictory as they may seem, must go together—manly dependence and manly independence, manly reliance and manly self-reliance.

If thou art rich, then show the greatness of thy fortune, or what is better, the greatness of thy soul, in the meekness of thy conversation; condescend to men of low estate, support the distressed and patronize the neglected. Be great.

Every man feels instinctively that all the beautiful sentiments in the world weigh less than a single lovely action, and that, while tenderness of feeling and susceptibility to generous emotions are accidents of temperament, goodness is an achievement of the will and a quality of life.

No mockery in this world sounds so hollow as that of being told to cultivate happiness. What does such advice mean? Happiness is not a potato, to be planted in mold and tilled. Happiness is a glory shining far down upon us out of heaven. She is a divine dew which the soul, on certain of its summer mornings, feels gently dropping upon it from the amaranth bloom and golden fruitage of paradise.

Lee's Surrender.

General P. H. Sheridan, describing in the *North American Review* events which occurred in the Virginia campaign between April 4, 1865, and the scene at Appomattox Court-House on April 9. Of the actual surrender of General Lee, negotiations looking to which had been going on for a day and a night, General Sheridan says:

In the meantime General Lee came over to McLean's house in the village of Appomattox Court-House. I am not certain whether General Babcock, of General Grant's staff, who had arrived in advance of the general, had gone over to see him or not. We had waited some hours, and, I think, about 12 or 1 o'clock General Ord arrived. General Ord, myself and many officers were in the main road leading through the town, at a point where Lee's army was visible. General Grant rode up and greeted me with "Sheridan, how are you?" I replied, "I am very well, thank you." He then said, "Where is Lee?' I replied, "There is his army down in that valley; he is over in that house (pointing out McLean's) waiting to surrender to you." General Grant, still without dismounting, said, "Come, let us go over." He then made the same request to General Ord, and we all went to McLean's house. Those who entered with General Grant were, as nearly as I can recollect, Ord, Rawlins, Seth Williams, Ingalls, Babcock, Parker and myself; the staff officers, or those who accompanied, remaining outside on the porch steps and in the yard. On entering the parlor we found General Lee standing in company with Colonel Marshall, his aide-de-camp. The first greeting was to General Seth Williams, who had been Lee's adjutant when he was superintendent of the military academy. General Lee was then presented to General Grant, and all present were introduced. General Lee was dressed in a new gray uniform, evidently put on for the occasion, and wore a handsome sword. He had on his face the expression of relief from a heavy burden. General Grant's uniform was soiled with mud and service and he wore no sword. After a few words had been spoken by those who knew General Lee, all the officers retired, except, perhaps, one staff officer of General Grant's and the one who was with General Lee. We had not been absent from the room longer than five minutes when General Babcock came to the door and said, "The surrender has taken place—you can come in again." When we re-entered General Grant was writing on a little wooden, elliptical-shaped table (purchased by me from Mr. McLean, and presented to Mrs. G. A. Custer) the conditions of the surrender. General Lee was sitting, his hand resting on the hilt of his sword, to the left of General Grant, with his back to a small marble-topped table, on which many books were piled. * * * About one hour was occupied in drawing up and signing the terms, when General Lee retired from the house with a cordial shake of the hand with General Grant, mounted his chunky, gray horse, and lifting his hat passed through the gate, and rode over the crest of the hill to his army. On his arrival there, we heard wild cheering, which seemed to be taken up progressively by his troops, either for him or because of satisfaction with his last official act as a soldier.

"Holding On."

Three or four years ago a farmer living near Indianapolis who had raised about forty bushels of corn to sell, but who was not satisfied with ruling prices, determined to hold on. He nailed up his corn-crib and sat down with a determination to let the country go to ruin unless buyers came to his figures. To his great chagrin and disappointment everything went on as usual for several months, when one day a man from Chicago came along.

"What's corn worth?" asked the farmer.

"Twenty-eight cents," was the reply.

"Why, I was offered thirty-five for mine last fall!"

"Yes, but you see the corner broke a few days ago, and 7,000,000 bushels were let loose on the market."

"Seven millyon bushels!" gasped the old man. "Well, I swan! Why, I've kept forty bushels locked up here since last fall, thinking I had the country right by the nose, and now you tell me that seven millyon bushels was let loose in a bunch! Why, drat my buttons! I don't believe I could have scart anybody even if I'd held on to my three barrels of pork and six bushels of beans beside!"—*Wall Street News.*

What it Was.

Mr. Jenkins was looking pale and dejected the other day, and a friend noticed it.

"Hello, Jenk," he said, "you are looking bad."

"I know it. I feel that way."

"Well, you are usually in excellent spirits. What could have got into you to make you look so?"

"You won't give it away if I tell you what has got into me, will you?"

"No; it is not bankruptcy, is it?"

"No."

"Nor domestic trouble?"

"No."

"What is it then?"

"Cucumbers and dried apple pie." *Merchant-Traveler.*

THE FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Rusty Plows.

"If you have a very rusty plow," says a writer in the Cincinnati *Times*, "pour about eight ounces of sulphuric acid, as purchased at the apothecary's, into a quart of water; do this slowly and very carefully, for it will burn hands, clothing or almost anything else; also use an earthen or crockery vessel rather than a tin or iron one. Apply this to the rusty surface two or three times, making each application as soon as the former one is dry. Then wash with clear water, and repeat the process. Give some of the worst spots a rub with a bit of Bristol brick; wash again with water and wipe dry. Put a little kerosene around the bolts, and take the plow to pieces, scouring each piece to get off the remaining rust spots if necessary. This sounds like a formidable process, but the whole operation ought not to take over an hour. Oil all the exposed surfaces with kerosene when you set the plow away, and when you do your spring plowing a very few turns will finish off the balance of the rust."

A New Use for Sawdust.

A writer to the *Home and Farm* makes mention of the use of sawdust in planting potatoes, and asserts that the product where sawdust was used was twice as great as where none was used, and larger and smoother. It was not stated whether the sawdust had been used as an absorbent, was mixed with manure, or was used as it originally came from the saw, which would make considerable difference. Neither was it stated how much was used in the hill, nor whether the sawdust was from hard or soft wood, all of which are very important considerations. But it is hardly probable that this article in its native state will be used very extensively as a fertilizer until more is known about it, although if as stated the yield of potatoes can be doubled by its use, at the present time, when there are so many portable mills at work in the general destruction of the forests of New England, and sawdust is accumulating in quantities, if it can be utilized as profitably, it certainly should be done.

Within a few years farmers in Columbia, Conn., have been in the habit of carting from a permanent steam-mill the sawdust that accumulated, using it as an absorbent and for bedding purposes, but no claim has ever been made, nor has it been suggested, that of itself it possessed any agricultural value further than its absorptive power, but that it exerted a remarkably beneficial mechanical effect upon the manure with which it was incorporated, so that it very much aided its disintegration or pulverization, a thing that is always desirable. Sawdust is a substance that is useful to the farmer in the office it performs as an absorbent and disintegrater, and also in the use that is so satisfactorily made of it for packing around the ice of an ice-house, but its further use has not yet been satisfactorily proved.

Farm and Garden Notes.

An extensive cattle and poultry raiser in Iowa states that he has no trouble with vermin on his beasts and birds when they have a chance to "dust themselves" and have an opportunity to eat onions once a week.

A Kentucky farmer cures fowl cholera by boiling a bushel of smartweed in ten gallons of water down to three gallons, and mixing the decoction with their feed twice a day for three days, then every other day for a week.

Many horses are actually killed by kindness. Letting them stand in the stable from one week's end to another without any exercise of any kind, because they might hurt themselves if let run loose, is very injurious. To keep them in the right condition it is necessary that they be exercised every day.

When a potato is exposed to the light in a cellar the eyes nearly all start a good healthy green sprout, but if in a pile, or in darkness, only the strongest eyes grow long, white worthless sprouts. Hence seed potatoes should be spread thinly in the light. The sprouts should not be broken off when cutting the seed for planting.

It has been discovered that there is less potash in the leaves of diseased grapevines than in healthy specimens. The lack of potash is made up by an excess of lime. It is possible that lack of mineral fertilizers may be the cause of many diseases of trees and other plants, and that farmers and gardeners may yet have to consult the vegetable and grain doctor.

Millet is an excellent fodder plant, of which cows are exceedingly fond. It is a warm weather crop, and needs to be grown on a light, sandy soil. By manuring well it may be made to produce from two to five tons of hay to the acre. A copious flow of milk is produced by cutting the millet, salting slightly, moistening, and sprinkling with a little meal.

Early-hatched chickens are more vigorous than those produced later in the season, when hot and dry weather addles half the eggs while incubation is in progress. It is more trouble to care for the very earliest chickens during cold, wet weather in March and April, but the cockerels will bring fancy prices as early broilers, and the pullets will be good layers next winter.

Some Western breeders state that it is a mistake to suppose that the cross of the Cotswold and Merino to be an improvement on the originals. The wool is neither the best for combing, nor can it compete in the market with that from pure Merino in fineness. The carcass is not equal to the Cotswold, and the cross is not suitable in other respects, as the Cotswold thrives only on good pasturage, while the Merino is an active forager.

The editor of the *American Gardener* says he has followed the mole tracks under rows of dead plants, and has always found on their roots the peculiar marks of the gnawing of the grubs, proving that the latter were already engaged in their destructive work, being arrested only by the timely arrival of the mole, which, after having found his prey, would not follow the same row on a fool's errand, but would make a short cut to the next row, where his sharp scent indicated other grubs.

Deep drains, the Chicago *Journal* affirms, are best because they secure the slow percolation of the water, giving the soil a chance to take up or absorb the nutritive properties which in other case would go directly into the drain and be lost. The drain first carries off the very cold water of the subsoil, and the warmer surplus moisture from above takes its place, warms the land, and hence offers a larger area for the roots of the crops to amplify, and thus gather up greater stores of plant food.

T. B. Terry, of Hudson, writes to an Eastern journal that he feeds his work-team on hay alone, and yet they are very fleshy, and show a constant gain, and that for thirteen years he never had a sick or "dead" horse, and that "his team will kick up their heels, and shine as though oiled." His plan is to cut clover and timothy, sown together June 15, and well cure it. The feed is what they will eat in ninety minutes, three times per day, and at $8 per ton it costs him about twenty-four cents per day to keep his team, or about sixty pounds being their daily ration.

An exchange says that the difference between the yield of eggs in the most prolific cases, as compared with poor layers, is as three or four to one. In favorable instances individual hens have been known to produce 250 eggs per year. Yet 200 is reached so seldom as to be called a remarkable yield. The greatest average yield that we have ever had ourselves, in a flock of twelve hens, was 147 eggs per annum, while the greatest average in twelve flocks, numbering in all 200 layers of various breeds, was 162 eggs. In the latter cages there were eight different breeds, and some were old hens and others were pullets, and many of the number were employed a part of the time hatching and rearing chickens.

Recipes.

PICKLED PEACHES.—Nine pounds of peaches, three pounds of sugar and three quarts of good cider vinegar. Peel the peaches and stick two cloves in each peach, then put them with the sugar and vinegar in a porcelain-lined kettle. Cook from five to ten minutes.

SLICED CUCUMBER PICKLES.—Slice cucumbers and a few onions. Sprinkle with salt; let them remain several hours; then scald in vinegar. After that take dry mustard and rub through them thoroughly. Spice to taste, and add a little sugar, then cover with cold vinegar.

GREEN PEAS STEWED.—Shell a peck of green peas; put into a saucepan four tablespoonfuls of butter, a large sprig of green mint, one green onion, a level teaspoonful of salt, half a saltspoonful of pepper and the peas, and stew gently only until the peas are tender; keep the saucepan covered, and occasionally shake it to prevent burning; add no water; as soon as the peas are tender remove the mint and onion, and serve the peas very hot.

PUREE OF CELERY.—Wash some large-sized celery sticks, cook them until quite tender in boiling salt and water. When done take out, drain off all moisture, and pass through a hair sieve into a basin for use. Melt one ounce of butter in a stewpan, add the celery puree, salt to taste, a tablespoonful of flour, and two of thick double cream; a piece of sugar the size of a nut, and a little stock should be necessary. Simmer the whole gently until thoroughly heated through and thickened. Serve garnished with sippets fried in butter, or, if preferred, on slices of cold beef or mutton plainly grilled. The perfection of a well-concocted puree lies in its extreme softness on the palate. To insure this it is often wiser to add some finely-sifted breadcrumbs to the already cooked vegetable before it is passed through the sieve, and work it through together, which does duty for, and proves a more efficient agent than the flour for all thickening purposes. Cream should always be used; there is nothing for its substitute. Sugar should likewise never, on any account, be omitted from a puree, either in a lesser or greater degree, according to the taste of the consumer, for it helps in no small measure to soften it.

Japanese Cremation.

A very few days later, on arriving in Tokio, and driving through one of its suburbs, my attention was arrested by a group of very peculiarly shaped tall chimneys, very wide at the base and ending in a narrow mouth, so strangely suggestive of old sketching days in Kent that the idea of the familiar farm "oast-house" at once presented itself. On inquiry, I learned that this was one of the city crematories, of which there are about half a dozen scattered over the principal suburbs of the vast city. Supposing that in the great capital the process of cremation might be performed more ceremoniously and scientifically then in the country cemetery which I had previously visited, I determined to inspect this also. But in the multitude of more attractive interests, I never found time to do so. Soon afterward, however, my friend Miss Bird visited a similar establishment in the same neighborhood, and found the same perfect simplicity in all details. The great chimneys form the only material difference, their object, of course, being to convey any unpleasant fumes to such a height as to insure no nuisance being created in the neighborhood. Not only is this desirable result secured, but even within the premises there is nothing in the least noxious or disgusting. Miss Bird states that although thirteen bodies had been consumed in the burning house a few hours before her visit, and a considerable number of bodies were awaiting cremation (those of the wealthier class being confined in oblong pine chests and those of the very poor in tubs of pine hooped with bamboo), there was not the slightest odor in or about the building, and her interpreter informed her that the people living near never experienced the least annoyance, even while the process is going on. The only difference between this city crematory and the burning-house in the rural cemetery was that the high-roofed mud building was divided into four rooms, the smallest of which is reserved for such wealthy persons as prefer to have their dead cremated apart, in solitary state, for which privilege they pay $5, (i. e., about the equivalent of £1,) whereas ordinary mortals are disposed of in the common room for the modest sum of something under 4s. One shilling's worth of fuel is the average consumption required for each body. Granite supports are laid in pairs all along the earthen floor, and on these the coffin-chests are placed at 8 P. M., when the well-dried faggots beneath them are kindled. The fires are replenished from time to time, and at 6 A. M. the man in charge goes round the building, and from each hearth collects and stores in a separate urn the handful of ashes which alone remains. Some wealthy families secure the services of Buddhist priests to watch all night beside these funeral pyres, but this is considered quite a work of supererogation. After the religious service in the house the further attendance of the priests is optional; but in many cases they return on the morrow to officiate at the interment of the ashes.—*Contemporary Review.*

A Florida Orange Nursery.

The Starke (Fla.) *Telegraph* says: One of the finest sights in America in the way of an orange nursery may now be seen at Temple's Mill. The nursery contains over one hundred thousand young orange trees, all in a thrifty and growing condition. This nursery, the property of Mr. W. C. Temple, is now worth, at the lowest calculation, over $5,000, and is well worth a visit to see.

The debt of the Australian colonies is five-fold what the debt of the United States was before the war.

A REMARKABLE SUICIDE.

A SELF-MURDERER WHO CARRIED OUT A QUEER CONTRACT.

Killing Himself for Reasons Which He States in a Letter—The Compact Which He Made With a Friend.

The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* publishes the account of the suicide of a young man who gave his name as Rufus H. Eaton He blew out his brains at Delhi, Iowa. There was nothing on the body to identify it save the following remarkable letter, without date or signature:

"I am going to take my own life, having made up my mind to do so more than a year ago. Although I do not think that any one cares a pin about my reasons, yet it will give me some satisfaction to state them, and any body who finds this paper need not read it if he does not wish to do so. I am twenty-seven years of age, a lawyer by profession, but not very much so as far as practice is concerned. I was born in Baltimore, and I suppose that is more my home than anywhere else, although I have traveled all the way from Denver to New Orleans. I have always been an unlucky devil, and the only thing that has kept me from suicide long ago was the lingering fear that there might be a hereafter. I have arrived at the conclusion, however, that there is not anything worse than what I have gone through, and I'll chance the future state. But I'll not preach. Two years ago I met a young lady. It don't matter where, nor what her name was. She was pretty. I was, as usual, a fool. I had the education of a gentleman, but not the means to live up to my desires. I had run through considerable money, and had not the industry to make a livelihood at my calling. Well, of course, I fell over head and ears in love with this girl. She liked me, I think, but she had sense, and she never let her sentiment run away with her prospects. I drank some, and gambled some, and was as wild as a young fellow usually is. Though I generally wore good clothes, my pocketbook was usually very flat. Well, when her parents saw that my visits to the daughter were growing frequent, they immediately interfered. 'You know my child has been tenderly raised,' said her father, 'and she cannot marry a man who cannot properly support her. I like you, but you see how it is. A man should not marry unless he can properly support his wife.' The mother was just as stern, and the daughter was persuaded to fall in with their plans. I have laughed many a time at a fellow who was fool enough to kill himself for a girl. But that was before I was in love myself. I see it all now. But love stories have been told so often that there is little interest in them. The girl jilted me. The last time I saw her she cried a little, and even let me put my arm around her waist. She loved me, she said, 'but her parents wanted her to marry a middle-aged gentleman, and she could not disobey.' If she had told the truth she would have said that she loved the middle-aged gentleman's carriage and pair and his bank account better than she did me, and much better than she did him. I begged and pleaded, and got the same answer all the time. You know what I did then.

"I went to drinking harder than ever. I became a nuisance, if I had not been before. One day I was talking over matters with a friend of mine named Jim Anderson, who always had more money and sense than I had. I told Jim I was going to kill myself. He laughed and sneered. 'I'll tell you what I'll do,' I said, 'I'll insure my life for $15,000 in different companies, and make the policies over to you. You pay me $2,500 for two years, let me have a little hurrah for that time, and when it's over I'll agree to kill myself and you will get the money. In that way you make $10,000, and I have some fun. Jim laughed, but I insisted, and finally we drew up an agreement to that effect. I got out policies in the different life insurance companies. He holds them and the agreement. He paid me $200 a month during the last fifteen months, although I don't believe that he ever thought of holding me to the agreement. But he was of a speculative turn of mind anyhow, and although he hardly believed I would kill myself, he knew that if I had the money I would soon drink myself to death, and he was willing to take the chances. The time is not up yet, but I guess I'll let him make the extra money. He'll be surprised and not at all sorry. Nobody else cares, for the girl I mentioned has since married the bank account, the carriage and the middle-aged gentleman. This is no case of temporary insanity. I have as much sense as anybody. I make a contract and I'm carrying it out. Bury me wherever you like. There is $35 in my vest pocket, and that will pay expenses and my bill so far."

Wouldn't be Snubbed.

A good story is told of a French artist, Vereschajin, and the czar of all the Russias, which shows that the painter is not wanting in self-respect, even if a monarch does patronize him: Some time ago Vereschajin received from the czar, Alexander III., an order for a picture. He at once set to work and in due time forwarded to the emperor one of his finest canvases, in which he had managed to paint nothing that could be construed as flattery. He called his picture "Our Prisoners." It showed a troop of Turkish prisoners of war, who were falling to the ground under the brutal blows of their escort, some robust Russian soldiers.

The czar was little pleased. He had expected flattery and received—the naked truth. He nevertheless expressed the wish of making the acquaintance of the painter. The day for the audience was fixed, and Vereschajin left Paris for St. Petersburg. When he appeared in the palace he was told that the czar had no time to see him, and that he must wait until he was called.

As soon as he received this answer Vereschajin returned to Paris. On the following day a chamberlain of the emperor called at the hotel where Vereschajin had been staying while in St. Petersburg, and asked for the artist.

"He has left here," he was told. "What," exclaimed the horrified courtier, "he is gone, and the czar is waiting to-day to receive him! Did he leave no message?"

"Oh, yes," the proprietor of the hotel replied; "he left word if any one called for him, to say he had no time to wait."

The fashionable New York stores employ from 100 to 500 clerks, to whom are added dressmakers and other attaches, which add three-fold to the number. Such employment cannot be considered healthy, since the air is close and unwholesome, but there is a pressure to obtain it, and at present there are a hundred applicants for each vacancy. Salesmen receive from $7 to $12 a week, while "heads of stock" rate from $18 to $20. These "heads" have charge of specialties, and are responsible for their management.

NO HOME EXEMPT.

The Source of Those Mysterious Troubles That Come to Every Household Explained.

The following article from the *Democrat and Chronicle*, of Rochester, N. Y., is of so striking a nature and emanates from so reliable a source, that it is herewith republished entire. In addition to the valuable matter it contains, it will be found exceedingly interesting:

To the Editor of the Democrat and Chronicle:

SIR—My motives for the publication of the most unusual statements which follow are, first, gratitude for the fact that I have been saved from a most horrible death, and, secondly, a desire to warn all who read this statement against some of the most deceptive influences by which they have ever been surrounded. It is a fact that to-day thousands of people are within a foot of the grave and they do not know it. To tell how I was caught away from just this position, and to warn others against nearing it, are my objects in this communication.

On the first day of June, 1881, I lay at my residence in this city surrounded by my friends and waiting for death. Heaven only knows the agony I then endured, for words can never describe it. And yet, if a few years previous, any one had told me that I was to be brought so low, and by so terrible a disease, I should have scoffed at the idea. I had always been uncommonly strong and healthy, had weighed over 200 pounds and had never been sick a day in my life, except a little pain or sickness were. Very many people who will read this statement realize at times that they are unusually tired and cannot account for it. They feel dull and indefinite pains in various parts of the body, and do not understand it. Or they are exceedingly hungry one day and entirely without appetite the next. This was just the way I felt when the relentless malady which had fastened itself upon me first began. Still I thought it was nothing; that probably I had taken a cold which would soon pass away. Shortly after this I noticed a heavy, and at times a neuralgic, pain in my head, but as it would come one day and be gone the next, I paid but little attention to it. However, my stomach was out of order and my food often failed to digest, causing at times great inconvenience. Yet I had no idea, even as a physician, that these things meant anything serious, or that a monstrous disease was becoming fixed upon me. Candidly, I thought I was suffering from malaria and so doctored myself accordingly. But I got no better. I next noticed a peculiar color and odor about the fluids I was passing—also that there were large quantities one day and very little the next, and that a persistent froth and scum appeared upon the surface, and a sediment settled in the bottom. And yet I did not realize my danger, for, indeed, seeing these symptoms continually, I finally became accustomed to them, and my suspicion was wholly disarmed by the fact that I had no pain in the affected organs or in their vicinity. Why I should have been so blind I cannot understand.

There is a terrible future for all physical neglect, and impending danger always brings a person to his senses, even though it may then be too late. I realized at last my critical condition and aroused myself to overcome it. And, oh! how hard I tried. I consulted the best medical skill in the land. I visited all the prominent mineral springs in America, and traveled from Maine to California. Still I grew worse. No two physicians agreed as to my malady. One said I was troubled with spinal irritation; another, nervous prostration; another, malaria; another, dyspepsia; another, heart disease; another, general debility; another, congestion of the base of the brain; and so on through a long list of common diseases, the symptoms of all of which I really had. In this way several years passed, during all of which time I was steadily growing worse. My condition had really become pitiable. The slight symptoms I at first experienced were developed into terrible and constant disorders—the little twigs of pain had grown to oaks of agony. My weight had been reduced from 207 to 130 pounds. My life was a torture to myself and friends. I could retain no food upon my stomach, and lived wholly by injections. I was a living mass of pain. My pulse was uncontrollable. In my agony I frequently fell upon the floor, convulsed, my clutched the carpet, and cried out for death. Morphine had little or no effect in deadening the pain. For six days and nights I had the death premonitory hiccoughs constantly. My urine was filled with tube casts and albumen. I was struggling with Bright's Disease of the kidneys in its last stages.

While suffering thus I received a call from my pastor, the Rev. Dr. Foote, rector of St. Paul's church, of this city. I felt that it was our last interview, but in the course of conversation he mentioned a remedy of which I had heard much, but had never used. Dr. Foote detailed to me the many remarkable cures which had come under his observation, by means of this remedy, and urged me to try it. As a practicing physician, and a graduate of the schools, I cherished the prejudice both natural and common with all regular practitioners, and derided the idea of any medicine outside the regular channels being the least beneficial. So solicitous, however, was Dr. Foote that I finally promised I would waive my prejudice and try the remedy he so highly recommended. I began its use on the first day of June, and took it according to directions. At first it sickened me; but this I thought was a good sign for a diseased, debilitated condition. I continued to take it the sickening sensation departed and I was able to retain food upon my stomach. In a few days I noticed a decided change for the better, as also did my wife and friends. My hiccoughs ceased and I experienced less pain than formerly. I was so rejoiced at this improved condition that, upon what I had believed but a few days before was my dying bed, I vowed, in the presence of my family and friends, that should I recover I would both publicly and privately make known this remedy for the good of humanity, wherever and whenever I had an opportunity. I also determined that I would give a course of lectures in the Corinthian Academy of Music, in this city, stating in full the symptoms and almost hopelessness of my disease and the remarkable means by which I have been saved. My improvement was constant from that time, and in less than three months I had gained twenty-six pounds in flesh, became entirely free from pain, and I believe I owe my life and present condition wholly to Warner's Safe Cure, the remedy which I used. Since my recovery I have thoroughly reinvestigated the subject of kidney difficulties and Bright's disease, and the truths developed are astounding. I therefore state deliberately, and as a physician, that I believe more than one-half the deaths which occur in America are caused by Bright's disease of the kidneys. This may sound like a rash statement, but I am prepared to fully verify it. Bright's disease has no distinctive symptoms of its own (indeed, it often develops without any pain whatever in the kidneys or their vicinity), but has the symptoms of nearly every other known complaint. Hundreds of people die daily, whose burials are authorized by a physician's certificate of "Heart Disease," "Apoplexy," "Paralysis," "Spinal Complaint," "Rheumatism," "Pneumonia," and other common diseases, when in reality it was Bright's disease of the kidneys. Few physicians, and fewer people, realize the extent of this disease or its dangerous and insidious nature. It steals into the system like a thief, manifests its presence by the commonest symptoms, and fastens itself upon the constitution before the victim is aware. It is nearly as hereditary as consumption, quite as common and fully as fatal. Entire families, inheriting it from their ancestors, have died, and yet none of the number knew or realized the mysterious power which was removing them. Instead of common symptoms it often shows none whatever, but brings death suddenly, and as such is usually supposed to be heart disease. As one who has suffered, and knows by bitter experience what he says, I implore every one who reads these words not to neglect the slightest symptom of kidney difficulty. Certain agony and possible death will be the sure result of such neglect, and no one can afford to hazard such chances.

I am aware that such an unqualified statement as this, coming from me, known as I am throughout the entire land as a practitioner and lecturer, will arouse the surprise and possible animosity of the medical profession, and astonish all with whom I am acquainted, but I make the foregoing statements, based upon facts which I am prepared to produce, and truths which I can substantiate to the letter. The welfare of those who may possibly be sufferers such as I was, is an ample inducement for me to take the step I have, and if I can successfully warn others from the dangerous path in which I once walked, I am willing to endure all professional and personal consequences.

J. B. HENION, M. D.

It has been estimated that the value of the products annually drawn from our forests exceed $1,000,000,000.

There are about fifty resident Chinese in Milwaukee, and every one is engaged in the laundry business.

Frazer Axle Grease.

One greasing lasts two weeks; all others two three days. Do not be imposed on by the dumbug stuffs offered. Ask your dealer for Frazer's, with label on. Saves your horse labor and you too. It received first medal at the Centennial and Paris Expositions. Sold everywhere.

Rheumatine-Gontaline, Dr. Elmore's, 105 William St., N. Y., is the *only real curative ever discovered* for rheumatism, and best remedy known for kidney, liver and stomach diseases. Abundant proofs. Send for circulars.

Nature is the great teacher, she clothes the fowls and animals with warmer clothing for winter; helps them to cast it off in summer; makes the best Hair Oil, Carboline, which is Petroleum perfumed, and sold at $1 a bottle.

Skinny Men.

Wells' Health Renewer restores health, vigor, sures Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility. $1

Wrecked Manhood.

Victims of excessive indulgence or youthful indiscretions and pernicious solitary practices, suffering from Premature Decay or old age, Nervous Debility, Lack of Self-confidence, Impaired Memory, Loss of Manly Powers, and kindred symptoms, should send three stamps for large illustrated treatise, giving means of certain cure, with numerous testimonials. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

ONE firm in Dade county, Fla., proposes to plant 100,000 cocoanut trees.

ELM GROVE, N. C.—Dr. G. N. Roberson says: "I prescribe Brown's Iron Bitters and find it all it is recommended to be."

ALABAMA mills are sending cotton cloths to China.

Sydney Smith being ill, his physician advised him to "take a walk upon an empty stomach." "Upon whose?" asked Sydney. Still better *steps* to take would be the purchase of Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," which are especially valuable to those who are obliged to lead sedentary lives, or are afflicted with any chronic disease of the stomach or bowels. By druggists.

THE Western Union Telegraph company uses 1,000,000 blanks in three days.

KEOKUK, Iowa.—Dr. E. E. Fuller says: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters in my own family with excellent results.

THE Old Testament revision will be published next winter or next spring.

To Consumptives.

or those with weak lungs, spitting of blood, bronchitis, or kindred affections of throat or lungs, send two stamps for Dr. R. V. Pierce's treatise on these maladies. Address the doctor, Buffalo, N. Y.

NEW YORK CITY has 20,000 "regular" doctors.

Nervous debility, the curse of the American people, immediately yields to the action of Brown's Iron Bitters.

INDIANOLA, Texas, annually ships $2,000,000 worth of pecan nuts.

"From the worst stages of Heart Disease I consider myself cured by the use of Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator.—T. M. Towns, Tilton, N. H." Thirty years have proved the Heart Regulator a sure remedy. Sold by druggists at $1 per bottle.

LORD NAPIER, of Magdala, the oldest British general, is seventy-seven.

Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator cures all forms of Heart Disease, nervousness, sleeplessness.

BULL fights and cock fights are popular Sunday amusements in Mexico.

We Should Help One Another.

Mr. NORMAN HUNT, of No. 169 Chestnut St., Springfield, Mass., writes April 10, 1883, saying: "Having the affliction caused by kidney and liver diseases, and after enduring the aches, pains, weakness and depression incident thereto until body and soul were nearly distracted, I sought for relief and a cure from my trouble, and was told by a friend who had been cured by it himself, that the best and only sure cure was Hunt's Remedy, and upon his recommendation I commenced taking it, and the first few doses improved my condition in a very marked manner, and a continuance of its use has justified all that my friends claimed for it—that it was a sure and permanent cure for all diseases of the kidneys and liver. Several of my friends in Springfield have used it with the most gratifying results, and I feel it my duty as well as a pleasure to me to recommend Hunt's Remedy in the highest possible terms."

Manufacturer's Testimony.

Mr. H. W. PAYNE, manufacturer of harness, saddlery, trunks, valises, etc., No. 477 Main Street, Springfield, Mass., writes us under date of April 10, 1883:

"Gentlemen—I have used Hunt's Remedy, the best medicine for diseases of the kidneys, liver, bladder and urinary organs, and have received great benefit to my health from its use, and I find that it will do just what is claimed for it; it will cure disease and restore health. I therefore pronounce it the best medicine that I have ever used."

Boston and Albany Railroad.

ALBERT HOLT, Esq., paymaster Boston and Albany Railroad, at Springfield, Mass., writes April 23, 1883: "I have used Hunt's Remedy, and my experience with it has been such that I can cheerfully say that I am satisfied that it will do just what it promises to do, if used according to directions."

FOR DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, depression of spirits and general debility in their various forms; also as a preventive against fever and ague and other intermittent fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphorated Elixir of Calisaya," made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all Druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness it has no equal.

For Thick Heads.

Heavy stomachs, bilious conditions—Wells' May Apple Pills—antibilious, cathartic. 10 25c

On Thirty Days' Trial.

The VOLTAIC BELT Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. D